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THE PATHOLOGY OF LITERARY TASTE.

IT WAS a delightful fashion of the gentle Irving—entirely his own invention, I am sure—of “silencing his critics before they spoke.” So simple and ingenuous are his prefaces, in which he endeavors to “bespeak a right understanding,” that the “gentle reader” who fails of sympathy must be a Philistine indeed.

Of such an amiable faculty he, who would venture upon any discussion of taste, is surely in the greatest need, for the world of letters had scarcely come to years of discretion before it was discovered that taste is a dangerous topic, not only for after-dinner chat, but even in the hands of the most carefully-gloved critic. Those who are not over-scrupulous about multiplying their first and fundamental truths, would do well to class among their intuitions the Latin phrase, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, for it will be found to meet both the criteria of universality and irresistibleness. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a wise maxim if you

desire to avoid trouble with a dead man's relations, and is all very well in its way, but it cannot compare in usefulness with the above axiom of taste, for there are few of us who would not rather be charged with being unorthodox in religion than heterodox in taste.

In the face of such a literary first truth, which the writer is in no wise disposed to evade, but rather treats with the august respect that all these primitive inhabitants of the mind demand, it will probably meet with but its due reward if this adventure in the field of taste be dismissed without ceremony, with the short but overwhelming remark that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." And yet some extenuation may be granted if it is made quite clear that we have no desire to dispute, much less to dogmatize, on the delicate subject of taste. It is rather the purpose of this essay to describe the present status of taste and then compare it with the *norm*, if such can be discovered. Such a treatment, while pretending to nothing like scientific accuracy, might yet, in a general way at least, merit the name of pathological. But it is only in a very general and purely suggestive way that the term may be used.

That there is a norm in literary taste, a standard in comparison with which every work must stand or fall, every one with a literary sense must feel, but just how to define it—"Ah! there's the rub." It is just at this point that the critics and their canons have the most difficulty in proving their *raison d'être*. And yet I cannot see how the method of determining the normal in taste differs materially from that employed in determining the norm of sanity, and surely no one denies the existence of the latter. There is no perfectly sane mind to which every other must conform if it would be normal. It is what the consensus of opinion has declared to be universal, as opposed to the individual and peculiar, that forms the norm in mental life. Is it, then, unreasonable to believe that the same process will discover, approximately at least, what is normal in the sphere of taste? Without doubt the "personal equation" is a most troublesome factor in this region, but we are not ready to go so far in the doctrine of relativity as to carry it to the

reductio ad absurdum of believing that the skips of a flea must be measured in fleas' feet. Nor does an insane man become any the less insane because he believes himself a genius and all the rest of the world fools.

Matthew Arnold, in his epigrammatic assertion that "literature is life," has epitomized the literary philosophy of the ages, and though as a definition its intension is rather vague, yet as an insight into the true nature of literary activity its value is great, for it thunders anathema against the shallow philosophy that makes the end of literary art to consist in pleasure. Literature is the manifestation of life, is coëxtensive with it, and as such shares its seriousness. If you wish a proof of this assertion, I need only call attention to the fact that the literary genius of an age is invariably the best exponent of the general point of view of the time. Thus the Catholicity of Mediævalism is seen at its best through the eyes of the great religionist, Dante, while the individualism of the eighteenth century is epitomized in that would-be demigod, the irresistible Goethe.

This intimate relation of literature to life, if we interpret it properly, should give us the key to the discovery of the norm in literary art. In the development of our individual life, as well as that of the body social, we do not hesitate to pronounce one trend healthy and normal, another abnormal and destructive. In every case the life of the normal man (and the same is true of the state) will be found to be the result of a harmony or unity of all the elements that enter into his existence when the individual and eccentric are subordinated to the universal. This is none other than the old Greek principle of the "golden mean," which has given birth to a race of giants from the Platos and Scipios of classic days down to the Emersons and Gladstones of the present. This idea of the "golden mean" has unfortunately come to be often but a synonym for polite stupidity and commonplace, for we of to-day are fond of extravagances of all sorts in life and in art, and consequently if Mr. Arnold's crusade in the interests of "sweetness and light" has in the least succeeded in restoring to its rightful place the chaste in literary art, we may

gladly pardon the wearisome monotony with which he repeated the refrain of Hellenism.

Now that which from the standpoint of taste is most aptly and beautifully called the "golden mean," when viewed in the light of æsthetics or the philosophy of art becomes the ideal of unity. It is the profound insight of a recent philosophical writer * to see in the artistic intelligence this sense for unity co-ordinate with the sense for beauty. "We shall have," he says, "the idea of an intelligence that apprehends and grasps all parts and details mediately through the idea of the whole, from the contemplation of which it derives an æsthetic satisfaction." * * "Unity," he continues, "is not reached through the compounding of differences, but the unity strikes first, so to speak, and differences arise through it and exist, and are intelligible only in relation to it." In literary art it is not only the unity of *form*, such as we find suggested in the Greek conception of the "unities" of the Drama, but more especially the unity of material, that is sought after. It is the impulse to unify all aspects of life and to explain all that is particular and individual by its relation to the universal in experience. It is this aim for unity, this sense for the "golden mean," that constitutes the *norm* in taste.

Having then found what appears to be the norm in literary development, it now remains to observe the manner in which deviations from it may occur. The root of these deviations lies coiled up in the profoundest truth, for from the conviction that the springs of literature must be found in life, the leap is gratuitously made to the fanaticism that conceives everything human equally valuable for literary art. By a singular blindness the literary intuition of Matthew Arnold, that "literature is life," is translated into the *humani nihil alienum* of Terence. And what is more lamentable still, like the busybody into whose mouth the poet has put the phrase, these zealous fanatics consider it an excuse for an indiscriminate and impertinent curiosity into the eccentricities and abnormal developments of humanity. That *le grand passion* with literature should be the human

* Professor Ormond's "Basal Concepts in Philosophy," chapter XIV.

heart, no one will doubt, nor can it be denied that the human is often seen to better advantage in the sinful Magdalen than in the stainless Madonna, yet the torturous madness of a tragedy like the *Cenci* is as far off the norm as is Gray's monody on the old tom cat that fell into the *aquarium*.

In this last sentence are suggested types of the two extremes that constitute the abnormal in literature. They are the frivolous and the morbid. Though perhaps the more dangerous of the two, for it calls into unhealthy action some of the deepest emotions of our nature, yet the latter does not deserve the contempt, but rather the pity of the thoughtful mind, for though a blighted child, it is yet the offspring of serious thought. And yet of its baleful influence who can doubt? Like the old monks of the catacombs, these revelers in the uncanny spend their lives away from the bright sunlight of the day. With flickering tapers they delight to lead us through these charnel houses, wherein they dwell, to point out sepulchral monuments of the mysterious past, show us the blood spots that stain the floor and expose to our sickening sight the deepest depths of human depravity and passion, until, gasping for breath, we long to seek the fresh air and the bright sunlight again.

It has often seemed to me that the soul has its debauches as well as the body; these are the vices of the imagination, feasts infinitely sweeter than the viands of sense. Have you not often turned from the sweeter and more simple of the poets to revel in the odes of Anacreon, until the wine of madness flowed from his soul, as from a golden pitcher, into yours? Or perhaps gazed with Moore and Byron upon the hours of their dreams, or steeped the soul in those depressing but delicious fumes of the enchanter Coleridge? Confess it,—you and I have both wandered into these gardens. Just such an enchanted land has Goethe created for us, where we restless spirits may escape, for a season the restraints of the good and the lawful, and for the space of an evening's lamplight dream, lead the wild, romantic life of Wilhelm Meister, or solace ourselves with the sophistries of the "*Elective Affinities*."

Yet some of our greatest poets and novelists have suffered themselves to be tempted into these sulphurous regions. And now the lawlessness of Goethe and the extreme subjectivity of Hawthorne and Poe have yielded a plentiful harvest of tares, among which the pessimism of Thomas Hardy and some of the extravaganzas of Stevenson must be classed. The latest and perhaps the most ridiculous culmination of it all is to be found in "Ships that Pass in the Night," which certainly is a weed of the rankest growth.

Against this extreme of morbid and unhealthy development the normal taste will always protest. And what a hit Aristophanes makes for the good old idea of the "golden mean," as found in the old school, when he puts into the mouth of the sophisticated young man of the day a line from the leading dramatist of the time describing a sister ravished by her brother! And when foolish old Strepsiades cannot control his righteous indignation against his son for this horrible quotation, it is but the old Greek in him rising to the occasion, so that we cannot help feeling that it is ample atonement for his countless absurdities.

But now we leave the gloomy shades of Erebus and betake ourselves, not to fields of asphodel, nor yet to the lofty peaks of Olympus, but to the abodes of the "clever people." This is the charmed circle of the dilettanti, over the portal of which is written: "*All thought* abandon ye who enter here." Here we shall meet with "My Lady Nicotine," spend an evening, it may be, with her devotees, and perhaps even be allowed a glimpse of Mr. Barrie's remarkable briar pipe. If we are favored, we may meet with that most wonderful of modern youths, the melancholy Van Bibber, who goes through all sorts of unusual adventures, from taking common little girls and boys out to ride in the swan-boats in Central Park down to catching a burglar and letting him go again. There is one jolly crowd with which we should not fail to become acquainted, for we shall never meet them anywhere outside of this strange region. They are always on a lark—at some out-of-the-way country inn, or perhaps leading a gay and festive life on board some mud-scow of a

schooner. Like all of Mr. Stockton's characters, they are such charming idiots that we forgive them anything—even attempting to translate Dickens into the Attic tongue. But they are all very clever people in this region, and their nothings are very bright nothings indeed. In fact, one is always in great danger of letting his coffee get cold as he listens to their repartée, for he is on the constant *qui vive* to see whether they will not finally say something that is worth hearing. Alas! now the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table has departed, we have only the "idiot" to take his place.

And so on *ad nauseam*; some writing lines on "her eyebrows" or her shoe-lace; some, more philosophical in their temper, writing on "Babies" or some equally suggestive topic. Everybody in swallow-tails or golf suits; all looking at the world through the monocle of the literary dandy. Now, in all candor, does it not become dreadfully tiresome after awhile—all this clever mincing, this evident struggle to say bright things without at the same time striking something serious? Do we not long to get back to the days of simple and ingenuous taste, when life was not such a stupid bore, and its main use, in a literary way, was not to be the butt for jests—to those days, perhaps, when the jokes were broad but the laughter was hearty, and the tears shed over the sorrows of the unfortunate hero were genuine? Much of the most popular literature of the day seems to have about as much meaning in it as the life of the average professional dancing girl. Oh, the satisfaction, the delight, when someone, strong in nerve and deep in insight, is bold enough to leave the meaningless details of the surface and cut a cross-section, so to speak, through the very body of humanity, laying bare the tingling veins and pulsating arteries of the organism!

These two abnormal developments in literary taste that have just been sketched must not, however, be looked upon as anomalies. The philosophy of life to-day is conceded to be more or less epicurean by the most sanguine, and none the less is the main object of literary art conceived to be its ministry to pleasure; and this is evident not only in creative work itself, but also in the accepted canons of the critics. He who would dis-

pute Mr. Crawford's dictum, that the sole purpose of the novel is to please, must be very careful not to air his views if he would not be looked upon as an antediluvian.

We are not arguing for a theory that will allow the use of literary art as a vehicle solely for promulgating one's views on the social or religious questions of the day. We do not wish to subordinate the pleasant and the beautiful to "moral good" to such an absurd degree as in the case of Plato, who, in adapting the products of art to pedagogical needs, would have so expurgated the Illiad as to "metamorphose Homer into a species of Hellenic Tupper, sedately aiming moral aphorisms at the heads of the Greeks." The results of such a method can only be mechanical and not artistic. This is abundantly illustrated in Mrs. Ward's latest book, "Marcella," where, one is compelled to feel, the men and women are so many creations *ex nihilo*—which simply act as the strings are pulled. But what we do maintain most strenuously is this: That Hedonism, whether in morals or literature, will always be found to produce these extremes; which of the two shall predominate, whether the morbid or the frivolous—depending solely on the fibre of the man who writes. And in this assertion the history of literature will be found to bear us out. He has the power of true genius who, having found the great currents of human thought and feeling, can throw himself into the stream without drifting into the shallows or being drawn into the whirlpools that lie along the course of the flood.

Wilbur M. Urban.

AT THE FALLING OF THE YEAR.

WHEN Nature's decked with fading splendore,
The lurid red of dying embers,
The dreary woods, the swaying pines,
Moaning, bespeak autumnal signs.

The forest, fen and dale—yes, all,
At bleak December's sovereign call,
Echo the strains of sounding winds,
The melody of autumn's rhymes.

The year's decline? Sweet Nature's end?
 Yellow woods and spotted glen!
 'Tis but the changing of the sun
 That brings the autumn drear and dun.

A. Parker Nevin.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

THESE are the days of sweetest desolation,
 When Nature bids us turn to contemplation.

These are the days when on the barren shore
 A biting keenness stings the breakers' roar.

A cold and murky blueness wraps the hills,
 And glassy streams are ruffled into rills.

The spectre trees, with branches grim and bare,
 Reveal the bleakness of the autumn air.

The brittle leaves have curl'd themselves in death,
 An easier prey for every wintry breath.

Far in the South the merry birds have flown,
 Too tender for the realms where night-winds moan.

Th' eternal sun is sparing of his light,
 And every day bespeaks a longer night;

And twilight softly skims the western steep,
 To kiss him as he slowly sinks to sleep.

The moon, that silver'd pirate of the blue,
 Arrays herself in robes of frosty hue;

And as she proudly plows the shades of night,
 And banks of fleecy clouds molest her sight,

She drives them past the skies' unending shore,
 And reigns alone as queen of night once more.

With all thy glories, Autumn, thou for me
 A mellow rapture hast, and sanctity.

Louis Clayton Woodruff.

MUSTAPHA.

HE WAS once a man of international importance. He cost the French and Turkish Governments many thousands of francs and nearly precipitated that tremendous cataclysm of war that has hung over Europe like a nightmare the last twenty years. He had all the diplomats of the world in a state of hysterical excitement, for a short time, be it true, but the excitement was all there, and he is responsible, I fancy, for quite a number of the gray hairs which may now be counted on the heads of many of our great statesmen.

He had always been an important personage in his own eyes, but after the affair of which you shall hear, his swagger when he walked ahead of the Consul on state occasions was something never to be surpassed. The majestic way in which he would mount the box and direct the driver which route to take his Excellency for his Excellency's afternoon drive was one of the sights of the town. In his own estimation the Consulate was but of small account and the Consul but a mere figurehead when compared with the importance of the office of second *kawwas*, or orderly, to the French Consul-General of Syria.

That Mustapha was an imposing figure no one will deny who has ever seen him in his handsome dark blue tunic with slashed sleeves, elaborately embroidered with gold thread and the arms of France on the left sleeve of his close-fitting undercoat; his baggiest of baggy blue trousers, which would quite cast our golfers in the shade; his red *tarboosh* with its black tassel, and above all that awe-inspiring symbol of the military power of the nation of which he was a representative, that wonderful curved scimitar, with its richly chased hilt and scabbard and shining Damascus blade. Whether that implement of war would ever have been used by Mustapha is another matter. But it was there, and it hung from his sash and clanked when he went down stairs, to the delight of the Consul's small boy.

Now, everyone must know that the smaller and less important an office a man holds, the more must he bluster and brag to

other people, to make up for any deficiency of rank or position which he may feel. This is particularly true of anyone in the consular service. He is the representative of a nation, and must be treated with all the respect due to the highest functionary of that nation, regardless of the fact that he may be only the flag *kawwas* of a third-rate consulate in some horrible place on the African coast, where the thermometer registers 90-degrees in shade in the middle of May.

But when one is connected with the head consulate of one of the most important provinces of that land, towards which all European statesmen look with longing eyes and watering mouths, he is indeed a person not to be despised, even in the estimation of other people. Another thing one must know is that no matter to what kindred, or tongue, or people, or nation he originally belonged, the minute a man enters the consular service of a foreign power he comes under the protection of that power, and woe to the man who forgets it. He is in all practical respects a citizen of that nation, entitled to the aid and safety which the army and navy of his adopted country can give him.

Now Mustapha knew these points as well as you do, for did he not owe Mohammed Ali twenty *liras*, and was he not free from any peril of imprisonment for that debt just because of the little square inch of red, white, blue and gold, which represented the coat of arms of France, on his sleeve? To be sure he had borrowed the money of Mohammed Ali in all good faith, and had intended to pay it back before the next Ramadan, but that new pair of beautiful blue trousers had cost more than he had calculated, and his losses to Selim, the man who kept the *decoqn* at the corner, and who had the most wonderful run of luck with the dice, were entirely beyond his expectations. So, really, as he explained to Mohammed Ali when he met him at Selim's, he could not pay him his twenty *liras* as he had promised to, but must wait a couple of months longer.

But Mohammed Ali was injudicious in his language, for he forthwith began cursing Mustapha and all his ancestors till he got tired of adding the greats on to his numerous grandfathers, grandmothers, granduncles and grandaunts. He also intimated

that the twenty *liras* would be forthcoming or he would know the reason why.

Mustapha having heard enough of this sort of talk, and secure in his position as a most noble and illustrious *Kawwas*, replied that Mohammed Ali was everything that he, Mohammed Ali, had called him, Mustapha, and much more too; in fact between them they managed to arouse the entire neighborhood. Then, having delivered himself of about as chaste and choice a variety of oriental billingsgate as was possible under the circumstances, he gracefully withdrew from the scene and made his way to the consulate, where he recounted his woes to Abdallah, the cook, meanwhile refreshing himself with a particularly tempting bit of *Kibbey* which the cook had just been preparing for the Consul's table.

It is exhausting to swear in an Oriental tongue. It requires such an enormous vocabulary of adjectives to fill all the various belongings, features and ancestors of your opponent, and to properly bring divine wrath on every one of them, that some sort of refreshment is certainly needed. And there were several cats around, upon whom to blame the disappearance of so large a portion of the *Kibbey* when inquiry should be made by the Consul's wife.

In the meantime Mohammed Ali had returned to his abode to nurse his wrath and plan revenge. Now Mohammed Ali was by no means a small personage either, for was he not head coachman to his Serene Excellency Abdallah Pasha, governor of the city, who had been decorated with the order of Mejdidi diamond by His Most Imperial Majesty Abdul Hamid, Successor to the Prophet and Defender of the Faith? And was it not whispered by those who ought to know that this same Abdallah Pasha might be transferred to the more responsible position of Governor of Crete? And would not all his favorite servants come in for a corresponding rise in salary and importance? Mohammed Ali was not behind the times; he, in fact, would have made a first rate Tammany ward heeler, for he had made great friends with the private secretary of his Excellency by allowing him to use his master's horses whenever he wanted

them. So Mohammed Ali, after some shrewd thinking and hard swearing, determined to act. He first paid a friendly call on his cousin Ali, to whom he confided his plan to get even with this upstart Mustapha, and to insult that *Frangi* dog of a French Consul, who had thwarted him in his rights to have Mustapha imprisoned by taking him into his employment.

As the result of their consultation, the following night when Mustapha was returning from the *deccan*, where he had succeeded in winning a small sum of money by some lucky throws of the dice, and was but a few steps from the door of the French consulate, two men set upon him, and struggle as he might he could not at first free himself from his assailants, who had dexterously stuffed a handkerchief down his throat before beginning operations, and were now raining blows on him with their stout cudgels. Finally, however, he managed to escape and stagger to the door of the consulate. But alas for Mustapha's good looks or good clothes! He had been beaten till his head and body were streaming with blood and his tunic and trousers torn to bits.

So piteous an object was he that when the Consul saw him the next morning, he straightway resolved to teach that cockcomb of a Turkish Pasha to leave his attendants alone in the future. But Mohammed Ali had forestalled him, for he had gone to the Pasha and poured forth a most heartrending tale of theft and abuse on the part of that renegade dog of a Mustapha, and of a final culmination in a murderous assault on him, "your Excellency's own private coachman."

Now, what were innocent people to do when the domestics of his Excellency were not safe from the molestations of such traitorous swine as French *Kawwases*? So when the Vice-Consul called on the Pasha the following evening and presented a complaint against Mohammed Ali, on behalf of his superior, the Consul-General, and demanded that instant justice be meted out, the Pasha rose in his wrath and sarcastically asked the Vice-Consul if he thought that the French government managed the internal affairs of the Turkish Empire, and if he thought that Abdullah Pasha, the Vice-Regent of His Majesty Abdul

Hamid, to whom may long life be granted, was going to allow a rascal like Mustapha to be protected by the French flag, when he had been guilty of so heinous a crime as to rob and then attack an innocent man, who, furthermore, had the honor of being a member of his own private household?

The Vice-Consul, who was a young man, then did a very foolish thing. He told the Pasha to "take care."

Now, if there is anything an angry man hates to be told it is to "take care," especially if you don't name any object over which he is to put forth his protection. So the Pasha in his turn did a foolish thing, for he called the Vice-Consul a *Frangi* dog and slapped his face with the palm-leaf fan, which lay near him, for all this happened late in the month of June. The Vice-Consul retired in dignified silence and reported to the Consul. That individual swore a number of French oaths, telegraphed to the French Ambassador at Constantinople, took in a supply of provisions, declared all diplomatic relations discontinued with the municipal authorities, locked up himself and his staff inside the consulate and hauled down his flag.

Whether the Grand Vizier had a toothache or an attack of indigestion will never be known, but one thing is certain, that when the French Ambassador called the next day to demand an explanation of this remarkable state of affairs, he was answered with about the same lack of courtesy as was the Vice-Consul, and, being a worthy representative of a great power, he also discontinued diplomatic relations with the Porte and hauled down his flag, after having telegraphed to Paris. Paris telegraphed to Toulon, and from Toulon, within forty-eight hours after the time when the Vice-Consul had his face slapped, there sailed the French men-of-war "Turenne" and "Montcalm," bound for the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

All these things did not happen without the observation and comment of numerous lynx-eyed foreign correspondents, so it was but natural that all the newspapers of Europe and America published the following day sensational accounts of the momentous proceedings in the Orient, and the impending cloud of war which overhung the city on the Bosphorus.

To make a long story short, it was only by the almost super-human efforts of all the Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiary and what not at Constantinople, the calling of councils of state in every European capital and the most carefully worded of diplomatic messages and dispatches, that the Grand Vizier was prevailed upon to apologize and to pay France an indemnity of twenty thousand *liras*, banish poor Abdullah Pasha to the island of Rhodes and draft Mohammed Ali into a conscript of soldiers bound for Armenia.

As for the French Ambassador and the Consul-General, they were decorated by the foreign office for their prompt and efficient work. The men-of-war were ordered back to Toulon from Cyprus, where they had been awaiting further orders, and the expenses of their trip were added to the budget of the Minister of Marines. And Mustapha, when his bruises were healed and he had purchased a new suit of clothes, swaggered forth in all his glory as the hero of an international episode that had threatened the peace of Europe.

W. D. C.

'MID APRIL SHOWERS.

IT WAS morning service in Trinity Church. The sun was shining through the windows, casting a soft light on the assembled congregation, and the choir was coming in, singing the precessional. A pleasant-looking young man occupied the last aisle seat. He was singing, and evidently occupied in the service.

She came in. The stupid usher was as usual somewhere else. He politely moved up and she sat down with a grateful inclination. There was but one stool, and when they knelt down together he quietly pushed it to her. In some way he felt very much pleased with himself at doing an ordinary act of politeness.

The service went on. He was not quite so much occupied in it, I fear, as he should have been. The minister announced the

hymn. How provoking, she had forgotten her hymnal, and he had to offer to share his with her. She thanked him politely. What a beautiful voice she had, so rich and sweet, and how well she sang. He was not quite sure whether the minister or assistant preached that day.

Why had she come alone? Did she live in Princeton, or was she a stranger? Perhaps she was an orphan; perhaps her life was sad. Perhaps—

They were taking up the offertory. One of those unexpected April showers had come up, and it was raining hard. And he saw she had no umbrella. The procession had gone out, and the organist was playing. Those who had umbrellas had gone home, the rest were eagerly conversing about the sermon, the state of the country and the perversity of April weather.

She was standing alone in the porch, no doubt wondering whether she should wait or go on in the rain. She was very quietly dressed, but such a pretty dress. It would be such a pity to spoil it. He wondered if it wouldn't do to lay aside the rigid laws of society and offer to take her home. It would be charitable, at least.

He had such an honest face and looked like such a perfect gentleman. It was only a little way to the Inn, and her gown was brand new. They walked off together. His coat was getting soaked through, but her dress was dry. They walked slowly to avoid the puddles, which form very quickly in Princeton pavements.

She was visiting in Princeton, and had come to see a sick brother at the infirmary. How strange! He had an intimate friend, a Junior, ill at the infirmary, who roomed right next to him in Brown—Charlie Fitzgerald. What a funny coincidence! Yes, she was his sister. He was just going down to inquire about him. Perhaps she would go down and see how he was.

She thought she would. It had cleared off so beautifully and the sun shown so brightly with scarcely a cloud in the sky. They walked across the campus. As they passed Alexander, Witherspoon and Dodd, he enlarged on its beauties and she took such an interest and admired everything so much.

No he needn't trouble about it. She would go home with her mother. Thanks, so much, for being so very kind.

Somehow he didn't care for any lunch that day, but wandered off aimlessly and turned up after Chapel, late for dinner. No, he wasn't sick. He wouldn't go and see the doctor, and at all events it wasn't any of his room-mate's business.

It was by the merest chance, of course, that he used to meet her coming from the infirmary. She talked so brightly, and was so fresh and so whole-souled. How he liked to see her going back and forth in the early morning. She seemed so pleased to see him. How interested he was in her brother. How kind of him to inquire about him and send him so many nice things. Wouldn't he call? She was sure her mother would like to see Charlie's friend.

He did call. It is remarkable how entertaining and pleasant one can be when one wants to. He called again. How pleasant her mother thought him.

Charlie got well exasperatingly quick. While he was convalescing they used to go out walking together with Charlie and his mother. Of course, Charlie wanted to see his mother and talk things over.

* * * * *

A few years later. Trinity Church and an ideal April day. The sun is shining in on the aisles and pews and lights up the altar, which is decked with white lilies. The church is filled with their perfume, and everything looks bright and gay. The organ ceases playing that grand wedding march. The bridal procession reaches the altar, where the groom awaits his bride. The minister reads impressively that solemn wedding service of the church. He gives her the ring, and they together receive the blessing.

He proudly leads his bride down the aisle, more beautiful than ever in her white bridal dress. They approach the door. There, in the back seat, sit two people, a young man and a young girl. As they pass, he looks fondly at his bride and whispers, "I wonder—" She smilingly interrupts him, and,

with a scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders, answers, "Who can tell?" It was raining when they went out.

Edward K. Mills.

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL."

I STOOD upon the mountain's lofty peak;
 Below me from the clouds deep thunder rolled,
 And echoing back and forth from summit bold
 The voice of God in anger seemed to speak.
 I cast my gaze above, and from the sky
 The glorious sun its radiance shed abroad,
 While life and peace from out the heavens poured,
 And God beheld His world with kindly eye.
 I looked, and as I gazed the storm-clouds broke,
 And on the earth below the sunlight streamed,
 While nature, freed from darkening shadow, seemed
 To represent a life when through the gloom
 Of doubt and useless effort's fated doom
 The light appeared, and hope eternal spoke.

J. D. L.

WITH THE AID OF THE DEVIL.

DAVID SAUNDERS, or "Auld Davie" or "Davie," if you wish, was one of the oldest among the faithful parishoners of the kirk at Arriesleigh, in Forfarshire. "Auld Davie" was an intensely interesting study. He could talk for hours on English history, more especially, though, on those connections that had made his own Scotland historically famous, and he loved to roll under his tongue the good old names of the aristocracy, names which every Scotsman holds dear, those that have a smack of the blue blood in them. He could bring them out with that peculiar half-drawling accent of his native tongue (that which binds all Scotsmen together, though scattered everywhere), and with a sort of a quirk of his mouth—Macleod, Stuart, McCulloch and so on.

He was, too, a man who in his boyhood had browsed enough in his father's library to know the value of books and to love them. And it had stuck to him. Burns, he used to read and re-read, especially loving to dwell on that line.

"A man's a man for a' that."

Hume he thought was a trifle too "speerin' about," but Walter Scott was his favorite.

"There never was in a' Scotland ain like him," he used to say. "I'd a' likit weel to see him. But next to Watty, I'd weesh to see him as is sae vera queer, Rabbie Looee Steve'son. He's vera vers'til, though he is na here noo. Ay, mon, auld Scotland has some vera fine writers—some vera fine writers."

And he had some knowledge of "Jeemes" Barrie. He was hardly well enough acquainted as yet to call him "Jamie."

Theology was his *forte*, however, and when he became involved with another parishioner in a discussion on scepticism, or duty, or particularly the millenium, the "wee sma' hours" were never so much as thought of.

"Dinna ye ken, Davie," his aged wife used to remonstrate, "that ye munna talk sae lang?"

But at that he would say nothing, but gaze at the glow in the fire, and his lips would twitch a little, silently.

The minister of the kirk (the dominie of the manse) had been an Edinburgh man. He was young, and had quite a pride in his gown and white tie. But he loved his parishioners well, though they amused him in some of their ways. When at college, he had had no thought whatever of becoming a minister. Indeed, that was the very farthest from his thoughts, the remotest of possibilities. Instead, he had been more of a vagabond in his college life than anything else. He would often stand at the corners of streets and listen to the idle talk of peasants and the poorer classes, or roam the streets interminably, or climb to Calton hill and gaze. He may have been getting, with all this, more out of his college years than he thought. But he had picked up a little ventriloquism one day from a passing genius, and had said to himself, as he went out at last into the world with the certificate of his *alma mater's* learning, that, so

far as he could see, this adeptness to ventriloquise was almost the only tangible effect of his professorial instruction. As with so many others, however, a peculiarly discriminating Providence had finally "called" him. And this was his first pastorate, he having been selected, after a prolonged discussion, by a quite creditable majority.

It was not the fact that he very evidently had a pride in his gown and white tie, though unpretentiously (that was easily seen from his first sermon as probationer), that had caused the discussion to be so fierce, though, of course, there were objections on that ground, but it was certain utterances he had made in his sermon. He had advocated rather strongly a more liberal spirit in church matters, the throwing down of all non-essential points of creed, in order that all might agree in more fellowship, and the church have greater unity. But that did not please "Auld Davie" in the least, nor did it Tammas Macleod, for that matter.

"I dinna like weel his argumentin', Tammas," said "Auld Davie."

"Nae," seconded Tammas. "He'll na be stayin' here lang."

Mr. Todd was chosen, however, for all that, and the kirk was really prospering, and his name was going the country about.

Now the minister had not a delivery like most. The good old Bible had been lasting a year (most of the others had gone in a month or so), except that the lids were a little scraped and worn where he struck with his fist when emphasis was laid. But one week in May, when all nature seemed to inspire him to it, Mr. Todd determined to preach again on church unity the next Sabbath morning, at his life's risk, and at the risk, too, of the Bible lids; for he knew that it was a theme which had rankled so long that, if he should preach on it, the lids *must* go.

And so he did and the text was somewhere in Ezekiel. Now, Ezekiel was a book that no one knew much about, not even Aundra McQumpha, who knew where Haggai was and had read every chapter in Jeremiah—"ilka ane," he used to say—and Daniel, too. But the congregation, which was a large one, for it was a beautiful morn, let their Bibles lie open (except Aundra, who, in desperation, had shut his) anywhere on their

knees and listened, for such a text must bring a good sermon and the minister's hands seemed nervous.

All were watching him narrowly—Tammass Macleod, "Auld Davie," Aundra McQumpha—all. It was about the middle of the sermon.

"I would advocate," the preacher was saying, "a wider horizon in our fellowship of sympathy. I would have all as brethren of any"—suddenly the silence was broken, the minister interrupted by another voice.

"Nae, nae, Meester Todd, not the U. Ps. An' where'd be the auld kirk?"

It was "Auld Davie," standing erect in his pew, his silvery gray hairs strikingly lit upon by a stray sunbeam, his eyes flashing, his hand stretched forth in gesture. And what could the minister do but stop and what did "Auld Davie" do but go on?

"But, Mr. Saunders," began the minister—

"Nae; I'll na hear ye noo," thundered back "Auld Davie," and on he went, and on.

To interrupt the minister! Well, he must be having some pretty good cause for it. The church was as silent as the tombstones.

"Dinna ye ken, Davie, that ye munna talk sa lang?" his wife, embarrassed, kept saying softly to him as he went on, slightly pulling his coat with her delicate hand.

It was getting interesting. Even old "Jeames" Cairn was twirling his thumbs.

The minister must do something. He gave out a hymn. The choir was stricken dumb. But he suddenly bethought himself, and soon, from all parts of the kirk, came remonstrances, groans, short ejaculations of disgust.

"Haud on, mon, ye've said enow!" Was that Aundra McQumpha?

"Tut, tut, Davit; this munna go on!" What, even old Tammass gone against him, the whole congregation becoming audibly aroused? "Auld Davie" became exceedingly conscious of his own mortifying position.

"Coom, Davie," and that was from his own wife, and out loud. He glanced down at her.

"Hoot!" he said, suddenly, turning around. "I wa' talkin' to Meester Todd, anyway, and na to ilka ane o' you." And then he sat down.

Ay, he was an old man. But that is how the minister called David Saunders down. And that is why it is wise for a man to have a wife who does not go blabbing all she knows about her husband to the winds, for it was sometime afterwards that Mr. Todd accepted another call.

But it is rumored (how truly I do not pretend to say) that not long after he had resigned there was a meeting one evening in "Auld Davie's" house of Aundra McQumpha, Tammas Macleod and "Auld Davie," to consider about the witch of En-dor and other witchcraft, and to meditate as to what connection there might be between such witchery and ventriloquizing in a kirk on the Sabbath morn (for the trick of the minister on that morn of years ago had only just now leaked out). and then to see with a vengeance what punishment therefor was stated in the Bible. These three never had liked the minister very well anyway.

When the hour-strokes of the clock began to be many and slow, the door opened just a bit. All three were gathered round the fire.

"Dinna ye ken, Davie," said a gentle voice, as if in reminiscence, "that ye munna talk sae lang?"

But the meeting continued, though "Auld Davie's" lips kept twitching just a little silently.

Paul Griswold Huston.

ON LITTLE BALE RIVER.

ALONG the shores of the numerous creeks and waterways which empty into the Delaware Bay, and scattered throughout the great salt-marshes by which it is surrounded, there exists a curious population, half oystermen, half squatter. With their rowboats or an occasional oyster-sloop these water-gypsies, men, women and children, pass from creek to creek and from river to

river, through tortuous channels known only to themselves; erecting their miserable temporary cabins wherever a firm bit of land and superior fishing-ground offer an advantageous place of settlement.

Cares of government and the assessor of taxes are alike unknown to them, for the water and the marshes are free to all. An ocean steamer, leaving a dissolving line of smoke along the horizon, on its way to the "Capes" and the open sea, or the unwelcome advent of some officer of the law in pursuit of one of their number who from river-nomad has turned river-thief, these things alone remind them of the outer world.

Uncultured and with little respect for constituted authority, these "squatters" live and die in their isolated habitations, hardly ever putting foot on land more substantial than the ambient marshes. Ignorant of the world as the world is of them, it is but seldom that a passage from the lives of this omnivagant race comes to the knowledge of a more settled people.

On a starlit night in August, the rude "shanty" of Len Murcher, temporarily established on the bank of Little Bale river, presented evidence of excitement and gaiety. Boat after boat, pulled by rough-looking men, darted out from dim, marsh-winding channels and discharged its occupants on the platform of the cabin, which projected over the stream. It was "Bald Len's" annual "whiskey-drink," and far and wide through the "mash," as the marshes are locally called, the news of the event had been spread and a general invitation accorded.

Within the cabin the scene was a strange one. The one room was densely crowded, mainly with men, but here and there a woman lent her care-worn face and coarse, ready speech to augment the prevailing hilarity. Seine-nets and heavy oyster-rakes were distributed promiscuously about the room with small regard for the comfort or safety of the guests. The oil-skin coats and sou'wester hats, universally worn by the men, seemed oddly incongruous with the warmth and clearness of the night.

Len Murcher, a large, good-natured man, with a head prematurely bald from much hatless fishing in the sun, circulated

the whiskey in battered tincups, and continually urged his guests to imbibe.

"Come, Bill," he exclaimed to a young fellow sitting near the door, "Y' don't half drink. What's the matter with ye, man?"

"Nothin'," responded the youth addressed, mixing the proffered whiskey and water in a rather abstracted manner. "I was only wonderin' where Singin' Hal is to-night—Singin' Hal Barry. He don't generally miss a thing o' this kind."

"What!" cried his host, excitedly; "ain't y' heard th' news?" Then, without waiting for a reply, Murcher continued: "Y' see, Hal raked some oysters down in the lower part o' th' bay, that he hadn't no claim to, an' when th' marshal tried to arrest 'im, Hal knifed 'im in th' shoulder, an' cut another man pretty bad, an' then got away in the mash. Some o' our folks wanted 'im t' go clean over to Del'ware, but Hal swore he wouldn't git scared off by any off'cer, an' since then he's been livin' with old man Reasley, over in Morris Cove. They do say," Murcher lowered his tone to the confidential key, "that Sue Reasley an' Hal are agoin' t' set up together 'fore long, that is," he added, pessimistically, "ef he don't git ketched."

A sudden hush in the clamor of the others made Bill look up.

"There he is now!" he cried.

Framed in the doorway stood the subject of their conversation. A rather slightly built man of twenty-four or five. His plain and determined yet pleasant face seemed to express amusement at the unusual interest his appearance created. Behind him the dark eyes and long black hair of Sue Reasley were visible as she followed him into the room.

A storm of, "Why, Hal, what y' doin' here, boy?" "Y' had oughter be in Del'ware by now." "Say, how about them oysters?" and similar exclamations, at once made it evident that the newcomer was a favorite with all.

"No, no," said a truculent-looking individual known as "Gooble" Watson. "Hal's got somethin' here he cares more

fur than all th' state o' Del'ware; ain't that so, Sue?" And Gooble laughed hoarsely at his own penetrating shrewdness.

Sue, who was somewhat more reserved than the other women and far less forlorn in appearance, joined herself to those of her own sex, and the conversation and merrymaking became general.

Bill produced a wheezy accordion, and then arose a common cry for Singing Hal.

"Come, Hal," urged Len Murcher, "what were y' named fur, ef 'tweren't 'cause yer singin' all th' time? Sing us a song."

"Well," said Barry, "Sue an' me will sing a piece, an' all you people come in on the chorus."

Then he in a sweet though, of course, uncultivated tenor, and she in an equally untrained soprano, sang a ballad of love and parting, of sad farewell and weary waiting, of faithful hearts and the joyful reunion. Where they learned such a song and the light yet tender tune no one can tell; perhaps it was the last echo of a more refined past.

All joined to swell the chorus—Hal's tenor ringing clear and distinct above them all:

"My Nell's come home to-day,
My Nell's come home to-day.
The Golden Store's in port once more—
My Nell's come home to-day."

To the occupants of a large rowboat some distance away among the marshes, the words of Hal Barry's song, borne far through the calm night air, came with a peculiar significance. The boat was propelled by half a dozen oarsmen, and under the guidance of the man at the tiller, seemed to glide between the reed-covered shores of the little river with an almost sentient determination.

"My Nell's come home to-day."

As the words again sounded faintly, one of the rowers let his blade trail in the water and exclaimed in a low tone, "There, Marshal, that's Hal Barry; I'd know his voice anywhere; he's always singing that tune."

The marshal in the stern of the boat moved his wounded shoulder uneasily as though some unpleasant recollection had crossed his mind. His firm, resolute chin and forehead showed, however, no sign of emotion as he answered :

" Yes, Ben, I have heard that voice before, and I won't soon forget it. But pull, boys, or we will be too late."

The men bent to their work, and the boat swept rapidly and silently along. The reeds on either hand swayed whisperingly in the wind. The water rippled softly against the boat, and only a star seemed to see the Nemesis of the outraged law descending on its violator.

The " whiskey-drink " at Murcher's was in full swing, and some of the men were beginning to show the effects of their too frequent potations, when the entire party were thrown into confusion and instantly sobered by the alarming spectacle of a dripping and exhausted man bursting in upon them.

" Quick," he gasped, " the officers, two reaches above on the river ! I seen 'em from th' pint, an' swum th' crick behind th' house, t' tell ye ! They'll be here in ten minutes—they're after Hal !"

Startled by the unexpected announcement, some of the men hastened to close and barricade the door, while Barry began to look about him for something that would serve as a weapon ; but they were all recalled to the uselessness of resistance and to the imminence of the danger by the voice of Sue Reasley.

" That's no good," she exclaimed to those about to bar the only door, 'Y can't stop 'em, the only way is to give Hal time t' git off."

She hastily told how Barry might elude his pursuers by taking one of the boats tied to the platform of the cabin, and rowing down the river for a short distance in the shadow of the bank, might turn up the creek which wound " behind the house," and so escape into the network of channels and waterways by which the marshes are intersected.

The wisdom of this plan was apparent and Singing Hal hurried from the cabin to the end of the platform. As he stooped to unchain a skiff a hand was laid upon his arm.

"That you, Sue?" said Barry cautiously. "Git back in the shanty, th' more ther' are out here, th' easier they'll see us, an' ef I don't have time t' git a start on 'em, I'm gone."

"Yes, Hal," said the girl, "I jest wanted t' tell you t' leave yer coat an' hat, the glitter shows too plain. An'," she added in the hesitating tone of one in whom a resolve is slowly forming, "An', good-bye, Hal."

"Good-bye!" her lover responded, as he quickly divested himself of his large oil-skin coat and sou' wester, "Why, Sue, I'll see you to-morrow, all right. Cheer up, gal! I won't let 'em ketch me."

"No," she answered rather brokenly "but anyhow—good-bye, Hal."

Without more ado, Barry stepped into his skiff and pushed stealthily off into the darkness. The girl, with the lately-discarded coat and hat upon her arm, for a moment heard the sound of his oars, then all was quiet.

When, two minutes later, the officer's boat swept swiftly around a bend in the river a few rods above the cabin, they were just in time to see a dim figure leisurely pulling a light skiff across the stream, and singing, as he rowed,

" My Nell's come home to-day,
My Nell's come home to-day.
The Golden Store's in port once more—
My Nell's come home to-day."

"There he is," cried the marshal, "quick, men, row, we have him now!"

The solitary figure in the skiff, as if for the first time warned of danger by the increased beat of the pursurers oars, suddenly ceased the song and, altering his previous direction, pulled strongly down the river.

In a moment the officer's boat was scarcely a length distant.

"Halt, Hal Barry," shouted the marshal. "Halt, or I'll run you down!"

A contemptuous laugh was the only reply.

With a sharp order to his men, the marshal put the tiller hard over, and the heavy boat struck the light skiff of the fugitive

full on the stern, breaking it in, and grinding skiff and rower under water.

As they passed the bowman made a hasty snatch at a sinking form.

"Have you got him?" demanded the marshal.

The bowman looked at the white, still face, at the slender form resting motionless against the gunwale of the boat, at the long black hair escaping from the fisherman's hat, at the clinging garments now visible beneath the oilskin coat, and answered in a sort of awed stupefaction:

"It's a woman!"

Before a movement could be made, even before the marshal could give utterance to the exclamation that trembled on his lips, all was explained. Borne on the clear night air, faint and far from some distant winding channel, high and sweet came the tender notes:

"My Nell's come home to-day,
My Nell's come home to-day.
The Golden Store's in port once more,
My Nell's come home to-day."

All was still.

"Yes," said the marshal solemnly. "Yes, your Nell's gone home to-day."

David Potter.

BEFORE DAWN.

IN DREAMS, the other night, I sought the cave
Where the dear daughters of the Nymphs dwell.
A fountain twinkled near the sacred cell,
'Round which they gathered merrily to lave
Their lithe limbs in the cooling, foamy wave,
Which stole thence through fair fields of asphodel
To seek the sea. As I drew nigh, there fell
A silence o'er their mirth. I did but crave
Of that sweet stream a dozen priceless sips
To cool the fever of my soul. One brought
A beaker, bade me drink, and then begone.
E'er I could raise it to my eager lips,
A fairer maid than all, approaching, caught
And dashed it from me. Lo! it was the Dawn.

Frank McDonald.

AT EVENING TIME.

I WAS living out of the city at the time. Each night my homeward way took me to that great terminal station, in what is now the very heart of great New York, and through whose doors the human tide of the great West daily ebbs and flows.

For a time, the hurry and rush and the indescribable air of haste, which always hangs about a railroad depot, were new and interesting to me. As I came out from the long Fourth avenue tunnel in the cars and swung around into 42d street, I used to watch the crowds surging about the great doors of the station, the long lines of importunate cabbies waylaying the incoming passengers, and listen to the shouts and imprecations of the drivers of the trucks and carriages all so inextricably mixed in the dense blockade as to barely leave room for belated and hurrying passengers to dodge and wriggle their way across the street under the very noses of the horses.

But finally all this became natural and I grew as much accustomed to it as to any other part of my daily routine, and I never thought to stop except as I paused for a moment each night to buy my evening paper from a special protégé of mine whom I always found seated upon the topmost of the great stone steps leading to the baggage-room, his crutch, for he was lame, lying beside him and a huge bundle of papers at his side.

I think that I was first attracted to him by his appearance. He was an old man, or at least appeared so, for his snow white hair fell in waves over the collar of his great ulster, and his long beard coming almost to his waist, had that peculiarly silvery sheen so often seen in very old men.

Then too, though cheaply dressed, he was always perfectly neat. Never a speck of dust on his hat or coat or a hole in his thick truckman's gloves. I used to stop each night if I were a little early for my train, to talk a little with him. I never saw him smile, but then I never expected it. He was not a man one would expect to see laughing.

He had a patient, tired looking face, always cheerful, to be sure in a gentle sort of way, but he had a simple expectant look in his eyes as he eagerly scanned the passers by.

I noticed too that the little newsboys always treated "Uncle Jim" with the greatest respect, and would do almost anything for him, get his change, supply a paper or see that his coat was warmly wrapped about him if it were very cold.

It was not until I had been going up and down on the train for some time that I learned one of the secrets of his life. I was standing beside him one evening talking with him of his son, who, it seems, came for him each evening on his way from work. It was about half-past five, and the clerks from many of the offices above were coming down and out of the building. Suddenly Uncle Jim paused in what he was saying, and I saw him give a little start, and then a hard look came over his usually gentle face. I looked around and following his gaze, I saw the president of the road, a noted financier and public speaker, just descending the steps. I looked around in surprise, Uncle Jim was sitting with the same stolid expression on his face that I had already noticed.

"Why, Uncle Jim," I said—I had fallen almost unconsciously into using the name—"What's the matter?"

He looked up at me pathetically.

"I'm sorry you saw it, sir," he said, "I ought to be used to it by this time, he does it each night. I'm a fool to mind it, but I can't help thinking of the time we were boys, he and I. He wasn't ashamed to speak to me then."

"Mr. D——," I asked, perhaps a little incredulously, "Do you know him?"

"Know him, sir," then he stopped, "No, I don't know him now. I guess he's ashamed of me," he said sorrowfully, "But it wasn't so long ago that we were all young together, he and Blake and Martin and the rest of us."

I looked at him in amazement. He had mentioned names high in the financial and social world, names which appeared constantly in the daily papers as prominent leaders.

I must have looked somewhat doubting, for he looked anxiously at me for a moment.

"You believe me, don't you, sir? Some people don't. Even my son Harry says I'm mistaken, but I couldn't be so wrong as that. No, I see them go by here often, and they all stare at me just like that, but there don't one of them speak to me"—he choked a little—"I guess they're ashamed to. But you know I'm telling the truth, don't you, sir?" he asked entreatingly.

I was too much taken aback to answer directly, for I saw that I had chanced upon one chapter in Uncle Jim's life.

I looked at my watch. I had lost my train, and there was none other for an hour, so I decided to wait with Uncle Jim until his son Harry should come for him. So I stood beside him talking, trying to lead the conversation away from the dangerous topic and also to learn something of his life. He told me that his wife had died when Harry was a little baby.

"Ah, sir," he said, "she was everything that a man could desire. Never a cross word or a complaint, though she had to work hard to help me, but we had a little house all to ourselves and were just as happy as little children, and may be, just as innocent. I didn't know all she was to me until one day I came home and found little Harry crying as if his heart were broken, and my wife, Mary, was dead, and since then I haven't had no heart for work, sir. No heart for it. But I want to help Harry some way and so I do this," and he pointed to his few-remaining papers. "But it's hard, sir," he went on slowly. "They mean well," pointing to the newsboys, who were standing in a little knot some distance away. "They don't know who I am, and I don't look much like a gentleman now."

Just then some one came up to buy a paper and I turned away. It must have been misting for I found my glasses covered with moisture, so that I couldn't see the Grand Union Hotel, only just across the street.

Before we could commence talking again Harry, his son, appeared and, with a quiet "good evening," he walked slowly away on the arm of his son.

Somehow, I didn't enjoy my paper very much that evening. The very sight of it brought before me Uncle Jim and his pathetic story—his hallucination, for so I had made up my mind it must be—and his gentle, dignified manner.

The next day, having found out from Uncle Jim where Harry worked, I went to the shop and asked the foreman if I could see him. Harry came in and I told him my errand; how I had talked with his father and had heard his story, and then, as delicately as I could, asked if he were suffering from any delusion. The man's face grew graver and graver as I continued, and I almost feared he was about to resent my questions.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said when I had finished, "that father told you anything; I try to keep him from doing it, but he's an old man and it's hard for him—very hard.

"I might as well tell you the whole story now, as you know that much; it's noon and we can go out on the dock here and talk without being troubled."

He led the way out to the end of the dock and we sat down, and there, in the little deserted office on the end of the pier, and with the sound of the cold, gray waters washing sullenly against the water-soaked piles, he told me his father's story.

My father came to the city about twenty-five years ago. He belonged to an old New Hampshire family, but had lived all his life on the farm. He studied law, in an office in his town and practiced until he was almost thirty years old. Then some evil spirit of adventure came upon him and he went to the city. Of course everything was new and strange to him and he had a hard time. He had been able to make a good living in his little town, but in New York here, he had to go into an office as under clerk. But he was in the centre of life and that, after all, was what he wanted.

After ten years of hard work he was still in the office as clerk, but his prospects were brighter and he hoped before long to start for himself. It was just then that he met my mother. She came to the office where he was, as a stenographer. I have heard it said that she was unusually attractive, but at all events,

my father fell desperately in love with her and she with him. He was then about forty and she about twenty-five. It seems that she was a widow, having married very young. Her husband had turned out badly and finally been killed out West two years before, leaving her to support herself and me, then about four years old. I don't believe a man ever loved a woman as father did my mother. He seemed willing to give up everything for her, and with scarcely enough to live on they were married.

For two years, everything went well, and poor as they were, they managed to hire a little house, and work together. And then one day the blow came. Mother and I were in the little sitting-room just after father had gone to business. There was a ring at the bell and mother went to the door. Even now I remember the moment she opened it. For an instant there was silence and then, a man's voice.

"Well Mary, I hardly expected to find you this way."

I heard a faint cry and then a fall and ran into the hall to find mother lying on the floor by the door and some one bending over her. I was too much startled to do anything but burst into tears. In a few minutes she opened her eyes and saw the man bending over her. She struggled to her feet, and I can see her now as she stood there leaning against the door looking down at me and then at the man. In a moment she spoke.

"George," she said, "will you leave me until to-morrow. I'll see you then. But I must have time to think, to decide." The man looked at her and then at me, not unkindly I thought.

"Certainly, Mary," he said, "but you can only decide one way," and then he turned to go. He laughed a little bitterly. "Jove," he said, "it would have been better if I had been made an end of after all."

I didn't know until days later that that man was my father.

The rest of the day mother spent sitting in a sort of stupor. I tried to amuse her, but she only put me gently aside, or else stooped and kissed me.

About three o'clock she sat down and commenced to write. At last she finished and placed the letter on the desk. Then she put

on her hat and cloak and came over to where I was lying on the sofa and knelt beside me.

"Harry," she said, "I'm going out for a few moments. If your father comes in give him that note." Then she stooped and kissed me and went out. Over two hours passed and she did not return. Then father came in. I was frightened and crying when he opened the door.

"Where's your mother, Harry boy?" he asked. I couldn't tell him, but he saw the note and picked it up. He read it through—one, twice, a third time—his face growing paler and paler. Then, as he finished, his head sank into his hands and only the ticking of the clock could be heard.

After a little he lifted his head, and rose from the chair, and walked over to the door. I ran after him and tried to stop him, but he paid no attention to me, but put me aside and walked downstairs and out into the street—bareheaded as he was and with a cold, stony look on his face. I was alone in the house for the whole night and I remember a kind-looking man, my father's employer, I afterward found, coming and taking me away. When I next saw my father he was what you see him to-day—a white-haired old man. That was a month later, when he came from the hospital and an attack of brain fever. Where he went that night no one knows for he had lost the memory of all that had gone before that terrible night, and he took up life anew with me.

To even you I cannot show the letter he read. I have it safe, but it would be sacrilege to show it.

She had resolved rather than bring disgrace upon her husband to leave him forever and destroy herself. Since then father has gradually been getting stronger and stronger physically, but his mind is filled with ideas of an imaginary former life, such as he told you.

The "bell" rang the end of the noon hour, and my companion rose.

"This is one story, sir," he said simply, and turned away. I caught up with him and put my arm on his shoulder, and together we walked up the wharf and parted at the factory door.

For weeks I merely nodded to Uncle Jim as I passed. I hadn't the heart to talk with him.

Then one evening as I stepped from the car I saw that his place was empty.

I hurried to the steps and stopped the first newsboy I saw.

"Where's Uncle Jim," I asked anxiously.

The boy looked at me for a moment, seemingly questioning my right to know. Then he seemed to recognize me as one of the old man's friends.

"I guess it must a been after you left last night, as it happened," he said, "Uncle Jim was a sitting there about half-past six when, sudden, we saw him get up. We wouldn't 'a noticed that only he started off down the steps without his crutch, a' hopping along on one leg. And then, would you believe it, sir, he started to cross the street all alone.

"We all of us jumped over to him, but just as we got to him he fell back and said something about Mary. I guess he was praying," said the boy devoutly. "The only people about," he continued, "Was one of these 'ere sisters, just crossing from the other side. She came up, and took his hands in hers. Then she turns around, fierce like—

"'Call an amb'lance, won't one of you,' she said, and then all the time we was waiting for it to come, she sat with 'Uncle Jimmy's' head in her lap smoothing out his hair, and just talking to herself.

"When the ambulance came they took him to Bellevue and she went with him. She must ha' been a nurse."

I didn't wait to hear any more, but hurried down town to Bellevue Hospital. At first they wouldn't let me in, but I persuaded them finally and was led to a little private room.

There lay "Uncle Jimmy," and beside him stood a sweet-faced sister and Henry. Henry turned and saw me and then came forward. One glance was enough. The story was not hard to read.

"How is he?" I asked quietly.

"Sinking fast," he answered, "but it's all come back to him now, and these years of waiting are all swept away instead."

His voice broke and I turned away, but not before I had read a little worsted-work text which somebody had left over one of the pictures—"At evening time it shall be light."

Uncle Jim died that night.

Howard Erskine White.

WHEREAS, In the inscrutable workings of His Divine Providence, it has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our class-mate, Carleton Sayre Mather; and

WHEREAS, His noble qualities, both of heart and mind, his integrity of character, his uniform and unflinching allegiance to a high standard of principle, and his amiable and affectionate disposition, have presented to us at once a character to emulate and a friend to honor and love; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, his class-mates, deeply saddened by his sudden death, extend our sympathy to those upon whom it bears most heavily; and be it further

Resolved, That we cause a copy of these resolutions to be forwarded to his family, and that they be printed in *The Daily Princetonian*, the *Alumni Princetonian* and THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

RICHARD BUCKLEY,
WILSON FERGUSON,
ALBERT C. HENCKEN,
GEORGE KLOTS,
WALTER CLARE STEARNS,
HENRY YOUNG, JR., *Chairman*,

Committee on behalf of the Class of '93, Princeton College.

EDITORIAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS for the December LIT. are due November 26th.

ALL LIT. subscriptions are now payable at the office, 1 North Reunion Hall. Make out cheques to Joseph S. Bunting, Treasurer.

CONCERNING THE CURRICULUM.

WE ARE prepared to say (and we believe we are expressing the sentiment of every thoughtful undergraduate) that probably no college in this country has in its Faculty more devoted and efficient teachers than are found among the seventy-two men who now constitute the Faculty of Princeton College. Without making invidious distinctions, it gives us pleasure to note the enthusiasm which is shown among the younger men who have in the last few years taken their places in the Faculty. Their acknowledged ability in their several departments has been a matter of record and of our pride; their efficiency in imparting instruction and training the students is an additional source of gratification. Among the professors, we cannot help but notice a thorough harmony in the effort of each to break away from traditional and mechanical teaching and to vitalize his own department.

Admitting all this, it has become apparent, on the one hand, that the law of heredity and the force of custom have retained in the curriculum methods and parts outgrown in the development of the modern so-called higher education. On the other hand, there is a vague conviction that the anchor is dragging which should hold fast to what is esteemed the true purpose and end of collegiate instruction. While the course at Princeton, we believe, tends to neither extreme, and is a strong conservator

of that which is best in education, yet there are some weak points—defects which demand the earnest attention of everyone who has the welfare of Princeton at heart.

President Gilman has somewhere concisely stated the function of a college to be the training of youth by positive disciplinary methods, and that the university should be a place for the perpetuation of knowledge, the freer development of intellectual character and the encouragement of research in all departments of literature and science. It is an open question whether these results can be better promoted by a course laid down as the unvarying law of a university or by a method which shall put the slightest possible restriction on the choice of studies made by an undergraduate.

Now, the point we wish to make is this: that in Princeton to-day there is practically *no* restriction placed upon the choice of studies made in Junior and Senior years. It is a fact which we do not even attempt to deny, that in far too many instances choice is made of those electives which require least exertion and which promise an easy and successful "pass" at the final examination. Perhaps it is in the nature of things that a student should do this; but at the same time is the university fulfilling its proper function in making such a state of affairs possible?

Of course, we recognize that in the majority of cases such criticism is unjust. Many good students avail themselves wisely of the large freedom given and secure unsurpassed opportunities for investigation, acquisition and mental stimulus; but it is nevertheless true that in Junior year, on account of the large liberty of choice, much of the disciplinary benefit of the preceding years is nullified. Students are initiated into the art of not doing it, and in the Senior year many take a course so largely made up of "snaps" as to require practically no work on the part of the student, except attendance upon lectures, until the "cram" is made for examination. In other words, there is some slight grounds for the remark which has been made about Princeton, to the effect that "loafing is an elective in Junior year, but required in Senior year."

We do not mean to assert that the admission of "snap" electives into the curriculum is altogether without its advantages. It offers to earnest men an opportunity to make their course easy in order to do collateral or "outside" work; for it is a fact which all will admit, that to attain any distinction other than the questionable one of standing at the head of his class, a man *must* do some sort of work outside of his course. It is precisely because the more thoughtful Princeton men have always realized this fact that Whig and Clio Halls, with their magnificent history of a century and a quarter behind them, stand today at the head of all college literary societies, and are the pride and glory of Princeton.

Again, the presence of easy electives in the curriculum allows the lazy and dull men (of whom we must admit that there are some) to get the *general benefits* of a college education. For the college is not only for specialists and hard students; it should benefit the public. And it does benefit the public in so far as it gives to men a collegiate education and environment and a broad, university spirit, as opposed to the narrow-mindedness of the so-called "self-made man" (who begins to "make himself" at any time after six months' schooling up to the time he has had a preparation for college).

But with all these advantages we seriously doubt whether Princeton is fulfilling its proper function by allowing such an unrestricted choice of electives as is now offered. In the face of the present difficulties, then, we venture to propose a remedy.

We are firmly convinced that the ill-adjudged courses and the aimless, superficial and disintegrated education made possible by the unguided and unrestricted choice of Senior year especially, could be largely avoided if the election had to be made of *groups of homogeneous studies*; and that such studies as were desired—alien to the selected group—should be taken as special work, not subject to an examination, not essential to a degree.

Under the existing circumstances, it seems to us, however heterodox it may appear to some, (for even Princeton has its bit of orthodoxy)—it seems to us that too much attention is given to graduate work in the present scheme of instruction. The

contemplation of graduate work has led in some instances to the neglect of the regular course and the premature introduction of students to topics for which they were not ready. Princeton, in a true analysis, is a college with university tendencies, ambitions and possibilities; and these must be slowly and carefully realized. For whatever may be the opinions of some, and however much their sensibilities may be offended by the statement, it is still true that as yet Princeton is *not* a university in the truest sense of the word. Any impatience of gradual processes, any feverish desire to do at Princeton at once everything which is done at Jena or Oxford, will result in mental confusion, and questionable, if not positively retarded, progress.

The policy of Princeton should be to put the force and time of its Faculty more exclusively upon undergraduate instruction, until the further development of its financial resources and the multiplication of its teachers shall more clearly justify the diversion of men to the higher education which is, though altogether desirable, *not essential* to collegiate organization.

Such a modification of the curriculum is at once practical and popular. We believe it should be made, if Princeton is to keep the supremacy she has always held in our educational system, and which her present strong Faculty and magnificent equipment entitle her now to hold; and if Princeton is to maintain, as heretofore, her great and glorious power and moulding influence in the life and work of this republic.

It is understood that the editors of this magazine are merely stating an opinion. But it is an opinion which we have been strongly urged to express by a number of our most influential alumni. At the same time we fully realize that if anything comes of it it will be in spite of, rather than because of, anything the alumni of Princeton may have said or done.

Dr. Conan Doyle has somewhere remarked: "Edinburgh University may call herself with grim jocoseness the 'alma mater' of her students; but if she be a mother of all, she is one of a very heroic and Spartan cast, who conceals her maternal affection with remarkable success. The only signs of interest which she ever deigns to evince towards her alumni are upon

those not infrequent occasions when guineas are to be demanded from them. Then one is surprised to find how carefully the old hen has counted her chickens, and how promptly the demand is conveyed to each one of the thousands throughout the empire, who, in spite of neglect, cherish a sneaking kindness for their old college."

However, it will be seen that these remarks apply *solely* to Edinburgh University.

THE HALLS AND THEIR PLACE IN COLLEGE LIFE.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR: A trite saying, perhaps, yet one which appeals especially to us just now. Traditions, which for years have been handed down from generation to generation of the college, have gone down before the march of progress and the demands of increasing numbers and broadened academic life. Doubtless, many such changes have been for the better, and yet we cannot restrain a sigh of regret as we see some of the old customs go. After all, what is it but the traditions and peculiarities of a college which differentiate it from any other of its sister institutions? Surely the memories clustered about the old Yale fence, or gathered about the ivy-covered walls and the massive steps of Old North College are at the bottom of much of the loyalty which the sons of Eli or Nassau feel for the home where the four happiest years of their life were spent.

Some of these are gone; unwise they were, perhaps, and yet none the less cherished. But now, instead of bemoaning such, let us see what we still have in our college life which we can claim as being distinctively Princeton. Surely our thoughts at once turn to that feature of life at Princeton which is confessedly without a rival in any other college: The two Halls—Whig and Clio. They are not only the oldest literary societies in the United States but their past is so closely connected with

stirring events in our nation's development, through the distinction achieved by their graduates, that on this account, if no other, we should be proud to claim them as our own and strive to make them in the future, as they have been in the past, the training school of statesmen and scholars.

Such is the question as it faces the undergraduate body to-day. What attitude shall we take toward the Halls? Is it to be one of indifference and sublime trust in the ability of the two societies to continue their existence and progress by a sort of automatic action, without undergraduate aid, or is it to be a feeling that they will rally around the Halls and do all in their power, by their personal effort, to make them still be Princeton's crowning glory, and the envy of every other college about us?

The Halls are established in buildings such as no other college society—fraternities included—can boast, and their marble-columned porches are the most striking features of our campus. They afford a training along literary and parliamentary lines which it is impossible to obtain elsewhere. And no one who has been faithful to his Hall duties can go out into the world without an added self-reliance and self-possession learned in those classic buildings.

It is, of course, inevitable that there should be many men in college whose tastes do not lie in the direction of literary work, and such would probably not enter Hall from preference.

But it is not to be supposed that a man having attained the years of discretion which his presence here in college would seem to imply, will, on the plea of disinclination, refuse to accept the very training which will be imperative to him as a citizen of the United States, whether his personal preferences lead him to adopt mining engineering or any other scientific profession as his life's work.

And yet these very men, who plead lack of interest and attempt to deprecate the value of Hall work, show the falsity of their pretensions by the avidity with which they strive to be received at the eleventh hour and carry away with them a Hall diploma.

Let us face the question squarely and see whether it is not worth while to stand an occasional long and dull meeting and receive from Halls the rewards which even their bitterest opponents cannot deny that they give—in training and equipment.

Then too, it is through the Halls that the way lies to many of the commencement honors.

The Lynde prize debate, held at commencement, is open only to Hall men, as are also the Junior orator medals and the Sophomore debate, lately established. Surely the men who work and study for these contests, the Lynde prize especially, need more encouragement from their fellow-members than is evinced by gathering in Alexander Hall and cheering at the award of prizes. If the enthusiasm then displayed were but spread judiciously out in work during the year, the Halls would receive an impetus and a power which would make them take a front rank in college life.

In view of the possibility of a debate with Yale or Harvard, and the consequent honor and responsibility put upon those selected to defend Princeton, it is necessary that the best men from the whole college be chosen, and not from those only who have heretofore been active in Hall work. To make such a selection, it is necessary that a much larger proportion of the undergraduates than do so now should take their places in the Halls, and strive to win for Princeton the place among the other colleges in literary departments which the history of her Halls surely warrants.

Let us, then, take up Hall work as, first, the means of benefiting ourselves; next, as a stepping-stone to college honors; and, lastly, as a duty which we owe to Princeton, that we prepare ourselves to defend her position against all comers and demonstrate that her boasted Halls are not a sentimental recollection of past greatness, but active, powerful forces in the life of the college, from whose doors shall go forth in the future as great men as already represent them before the world to-day.

THE HARVARD GAME.

LAST year we had occasion to refer to the agitation of the forming of a dual foot-ball league between Yale and Princeton, and at that time we took the position that if any foot-ball league were to be formed it should also include Harvard. True, one Mr. J. Highlands had said that Harvard was not in the same class with Princeton, but it then seemed that Harvard approached sufficiently near the high standard set by Princeton and Yale to entitle her to a place in the league. For while Harvard has secured only one victory against Princeton and Yale each, during the past ten years, and while Princeton in one year scored more points than Harvard's total score in all the previous years the two colleges had played, Harvard has yet made considerable progress in the game, and her work last season in keeping Yale down to six points and in defeating the University of Pennsylvania, entitle her to consideration. If not yet in the first class, she is yet somewhat better than the second class teams. This was our position last season.

We put forth these encouraging remarks at that time in the hope that hasty action in the contemplated formation of a dual league might be avoided, and that Harvard might be given a further chance to improve. We are greatly disappointed to learn that our efforts have been fruitless. We are forced to admit that our encouragement was ill-judged. The vacillating conduct of those having her foot-ball schedule in charge can give color to no other conclusion. For, while every encouragement has been offered to the Cambridge eleven, it seems that Harvard has fallen into the depths of the slough of despond. Looking back on her past record of repeated failures, she seems to say: "There is no hope for us; we cannot make a respectable showing against such strong teams as those of Yale and Princeton. We are out of the race; let us acknowledge it."

Princeton has done everything in her power to foster a foot-ball spirit at Harvard. She has lent her encouragement by

offering to play a game each year; she has lifted up her voice in favor of admitting Harvard into the league, in case a league should be formed. We would gladly add a further word of encouragement to Harvard. But if she *will* continue to find sufficient consolation in defeating the New England preparatory school teams, and obstinately refuses to emerge from her present state, wherein she takes sublime satisfaction in sending out exulting accounts of "Harvard's great victory over Exeter!"—if Harvard finds sufficient exercise for her foot-ball capabilities in this limited sphere as to make her contented to remain therein, while the other large institutions are going forward and making world-wide names for themselves in the foot-ball arena, we can say nothing more, but must give up our hope to reclaim Harvard from oblivion in this field of sports.

But it seems to us a matter of great regret that an institution with such fine prospects for ultimate success should grow despondent after making the considerable progress accomplished by Harvard in the past few years.

PRINCETON AND THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR the second time in her foot-ball history, Princeton has been defeated by the University of Pennsylvania. To us the game was a disappointment; but it is the disappointment of knowing that we were fairly outplayed, and not the disappointment of feeling that the outcome was the result of chance. We have no fault to find with our team; they made a splendid showing against probably the strongest team that has ever represented the University of Pennsylvania. We congratulate our opponents upon their magnificent work.

There is no longer any doubt but that the University of Pennsylvania is able to put forth a team equal to the best that Yale or Harvard or Princeton can produce. The games with

Princeton during the last eighteen years have shown a steady advance on the part of the University of Pennsylvania teams from a position in the second class to an undisputed place in the first.

We have, let us repeat, no fault to find with our team. We realize that they were working against fearful odds; although the fact that seven of the men played on last year's championship team may have led some of us to look for a different result. The superb defensive work which was exhibited upon our goal line was such as has seldom, if ever, been seen on any foot-ball field, and reminded us of what we had expected to see from practically the same team that defeated Yale in '93. However, we are making no excuses for what has happened. We fought a good fight, and were fairly beaten; but our defeat brings with it no disgrace.

If anything has been demonstrated it is that the statement made upon competent authority in the last issue of the *LIT.* was true. The "New Rules" seem to have failed altogether in their purpose of eliminating any element of roughness from the game.

GOSSIP.

"Our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally."

—*King Henry the Sixth.*

"Hark, how they shout! This had been cheerful after victory."

—*King Henry the Fourth.*

WE PRIDE ourselves in this small "burgh" that the college makes the town. Take out the college population and what have we? Outside of our own professors' families and a distinct few, there remain but those whom the student body keep alive—our butchers, bakers, etc., and the college help.

Apropos of this we have but a few principal streets. It does not require all the fingers on one hand to count them. First among these is Nassau street. That's *the* street. That's the *town*. Everyone knows that one long, wide street, with its length of little stores and quaint intermingling of old-time and more modern buildings. There's always life on that street—at least until the night hours, when it is as unfrequented as the rest. But during the day it is filled with townspeople and the students, the former busy with their shops and business affairs, the latter coming to and from meals in the different eating clubs, and making the business upon which the townspeople thrive.

Then there's William street—that's the one which is to lead us to what we would ultimately speak about. It leads to the 'Varsity grounds, you know. A commonplace, ordinary sort of street, which blossoms into life twice a day—from the noon hour until one, and then again after 'Varsity practice.

At noon, as we walk along William street, we see before us a long stream of humanity. Everybody is going the same way—toward 'Varsity practice; but whether they go in solos or choruses it matters little. They go—every one of them. It's the Princeton way.

You see the fellow (whose chum happened to miss him) walking down by himself, his hands thrust in his pockets—seemingly thinking. Then there are the groups—generally the personnel of the eating-clubs—who go down, each club *en masse*, after the mid-day lunch. You see these strung out before you the whole length of the street. Here and there in front of you the gay orange of some Sophomore club hat adds a bright touch of coloring to the moving stream. If you look behind, you see the same thing.

As you get nearer the grounds—so that you see the line of high board fence that surrounds it—you catch glimpses of objects shooting suddenly up into the air. You know what they are; but in case you're somebody's mother or sister—why, they're foot-balls.

To the stranger, the thirty or more individuals, in muddy foot-ball suits, falling, tumbling and rolling around here and there after an elusive pig-skin sphere, conveys no idea save that they are a crowd of foot-ball players, with no personality or individuality. The only distinction discernible in them is that this man is a little larger than that, or the other man has on an odd red stocking or a blue-sleeved jersey, which marks him from the rest. The idea that they have any feelings akin to the rest of human kind, or that each and every one of them is "loved by somebody," hardly ever enters the question. There is nothing back of what the mere eyesight affords.

How different it is with the undergraduate body. Every characteristic move or peculiarity of each player is known by heart. In the most intricate scrimmage they can name the man who has the ball and the man who's doing the good playing; and if after a "down" one of those men fails to rise, you notice the quiet, the cessation of conversation until the temporarily disabled one gets up and goes at it again; and the load which seems to have suddenly weighed down upon the spectators is as quickly removed. And then the hearty, sympathetic shout that goes up—that is what makes us win! And that, too, is the Princeton way.

It was one of the Gossip's predecessors who made the remark that a foot-ball player's life was not all made up of Varsity stripes and monograms.

That Gossip never spoke a truer word in his life.

Of course the outsider—that is, excluding the undergraduate body, for they can appreciate what the true inwardness of foot-ball life on a big team is—hears of nothing but special trains and parlor cars, the "putting up" at the best hostelry a town affords, and all that sort of thing; but they hardly realize what it is to go out on the field, day after day, rain or shine, and buckle down to hard foot-ball, whether you feel like it or no.

"Well," they say, "he likes foot-ball, so he must like to play." So he does like foot-ball—but then, you know, it's possible to have too much of a good thing. The wildest enthusiast—no matter what his hobby—feels that a new channel is acceptable for a change. The ordinary "hobbyist" may take his choice of time to make his change, but the foot-ball player must be ready at the appointed hour.

Then there are those wet, driving rains that have to be played in; but they're not so bad—they're rather exhilarating. You feel the cold rain and you want to get to work and warm up; and after the first shock of contact with the cold, wet ground there's something of a variety in sliding five or six yards through the mud and water every time you're thrown by a tackle, instead of the ordinary dry-weather sudden stop.

But the next day! Br-r-r! Did you ever get into a wet bathing-suit? Multiply that by eleven and you have a faint idea of what it is to get into a wet foot-ball suit—especially if it's one of those days when you don't feel much like playing, but would rather draw an easy-chair up before the big open wood-fire and wade daintily into one of Marion Crawford's novels.

How a fellow who smokes misses his pipe or cigarettes! Smoking is simply out of the question. But there are times—many times—after having had a good, comfortable, substantial meal, especially in the evening, when you can hardly think of anything that would be quite as acceptable and appropriate as a cigarette or cigar to whiff over a little cup of after-dinner coffee. But it all has to be taken out in thinking.

One can do a great deal of thinking, too.

You're apt to sit down and think all sorts of things. You commence to wonder whether or no you're not missing a good deal of the easy and more comfortable side of college life for all the work and self-denial and a little transitory, fleeting, so-called glory which comes with foot-ball. And then you gradually get back to yourself again and realize what a power of good there is in the game. The hard knocks and disappointments of the "wide, wide world" must come after this little game is all over, so why not get a little insight into it in a mild way? A taste of self-denial and subjugation of one's-self has never yet hurt anybody.

There's "a place for everything and everything in its place." Of course you know that. Foot-ball is an education—a liberal physical and mental education. It teaches self-control and manliness and fearlessness and an adaptability for taking advantage of chances and opportunities. We are here to learn, and foot-ball gives what all the books of theory and learning cannot give—which, perhaps, they were not destined to give.

And then, when our foot-ball season is over—the last in our college course—and we are forced to "gather ourselves" about for daily bread, then let foot-ball be another of those pleasant memories of the days that are gone.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A man who takes matters seriously, lives in an impregnable castle"—*Goethe*.

"Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails."—*Swift*.

THE TABLE is loaded. Loaded with the motley mass of college journals that each month make their way from hill and valley, from mountain and plain, from the far quarters of this wide land (not to speak of those from abroad) to at last find a resting place on our broad back, and hence to be consigned to one of two places, either to the reference shelves in the exchange room or to the waste basket. The former is the honor group,—useless the latter.

And why this division? Because there is a class of college periodicals which is worthy of preservation, which is really good literature, which is doing a noble work in the field of culture. This, it is needless to say, is the former class—the kind that eventually reaches the reference shelves in the exchange room. But there are other college periodicals which are not worth preserving, which are not literature at all; which, far from doing any good work, are engaged in a most ignoble work, in bringing disgrace upon the noble name of literature, and which are making a laughing-stock of the institutions whence they come. Much more pleasant as it would be to sit down and have a quiet chat with the former class, we propose, for the present, to forego that pleasure for the purpose of saying a few words to the latter division, in the hope that some remarks may fall in good ground and spring up and bear fruit.

Most of this worthless stuff comes from the smaller colleges. But that is not to say that all the periodicals coming from the smaller colleges are in the waste-basket category. Many a little college is striving nobly to develop and foster a spirit of true culture, and many of the articles seen in the periodicals coming from such colleges are highly creditable and worthy the pages of our best *Litts*. But the Table regrets to observe that such as these are few and far between, in comparison with the hundreds of college journals published throughout the country.

It is an unfortunate circumstance that most of the smaller colleges must combine the functions of newspaper, funny paper and literary journal all in one publication. But this does not excuse poor work in the department with which we have to do, nor indeed in any department.

The Table has gone through the excruciating task of reading several of these waste-basket productions. He finds the greatest cause for com-

plaint along the lines of the personal columns and the editorials. Those magazines with any respect for themselves or for the feelings of others have long since given up the puerile personality column, but we find it still existing, in one form or another, in many of the smaller journals, for it is quite possible to run personals under local columns, "here and there" columns, alumni columns or what not, so that the same offence still exists, only under a different name. Take, for instance, an interesting item we find in a corner of one of our worthy (?) contemporaries:

"Jack Powell filled a pulpit in one of the rural districts this summer. They were unable to pay his salary in cash, but gave him a cow and a cemetery lot in part payment. It is rumored that he killed the one and buried it in the other."

This, doubtless, sounds very funny to the few students who may know the personal make-up of the redoubtable Jack. One can readily imagine the hardly concealed tittering that will run along the co-educational benches the next time he makes his appearance in the class-room, much to the discomfiture of the object of the giggles. But to one unacquainted with that worthy gentleman such an item can only bring a feeling of disgust. It is boyish, undignified. It is worse, for the institution which harbors such a spirit of journalism not only brings discredit upon itself but belittles the profession of all college writers.

Instances are legion. In a few minutes' reading we have come upon the following valuable collection, all from one journal:

"Lost in Chicago, or where's Andy?"

"'Buckets' McNary is still looking for that cat."

"The C. and N. W. is the only railroad on record that stops to pick up dropped hats. Ask Comro."

But enough.

A far more serious cause for complaint is found in the lamentably weak and insipid editorials of these journals. Many are devoid of any editorial expression whatever. If one department in a college journal is more important than any other, it is the editorial department. Strong editorials make a strong magazine. We can, perhaps, excuse weakness in other respects, but insipid editorial expression can bring nothing but disgust.

The editorial is distinctively the medium through which the student opinion finds dignified and definite expression. In these days of growing student self-government, such expression of opinion is imperative. Hence the college journal which does not aim at the development of this department, is failing to exercise the most important function of its existence. And that is just what a very large number of the journals in question are failing to do.

A very noticeable subject of editorial comment in this class of journals, is the lack of support afforded by the students. But this lack of support comes not without cause. It would be well for these wailing com-

plainants to cease their wailing and seek the cause of non-support. And in many cases it will be found in the fact of the weakness of the journal itself. The cause is internal, not external. The cause is of your own making. Do you say, We cannot produce a creditable journal without the support of the students? Say, rather, We cannot acquire the support of the students without first producing a creditable publication. First do something worthy, then await your sure reward. Make your editorials the true expression of student opinion; leave off your undignified and disgusting personalities; endeavor to foster a true literary spirit; in short, exercise the functions which are yours to exercise, and your journal will become a credit to your college and a means of lifting yourselves to a higher plane of thinking and living.

Now for a chat with the honor group. There are a goodly number, and the month's work is, on the whole, creditable—hardly up to the standard set by the old Boards, in some cases, but full of promise, and certainly refreshing after The Table's dreary excursion in the desert places of our college literature.

And first of all we want to lose ourselves between the new and comely covers of the *Amherst Lit.* The October number is one of the best The Table has yet seen from Amherst, which is good enough to be among the very best of all the *Lits.* of the present month. It opens with a noteworthy bit of narrative verse, founded on an old Norse legend, by Wm. J. Boardman. We quote in full:

THE BROKEN VOW.

An oath to God the Viking swore,
To sail a-North so far
That his sloping mast should stand upright
And point to the Polar Star.

Oh, never a fear his hard heart felt;
Oh, never a fear at all;
As he sailed away on his mad intent
To burst God's iceberg wall.

But Southward by the hurricane
That blighted ship was blown;
Till bearded Jan, the Viking stern,
Lived on the deck alone.

From Greenland's shore the tempest swept
Grim Jan two thousand miles,
To hide his bones forevermore
Hard by the Windward Isles.

* * * * *

Since Jan the Viking's ship went down,
Three centuries have been;
But sailors vow that even now
When North winds rage, he's seen

Steering, mid the Caribbees
 In Southern seas afar,
 Northward, where the Dipper's rim
 Points to the Polar Star.

"College Rhymers" is a realistic essay, by Herbert A. Jump, that will come home to the heart of every LIT. editor as a truthful picture of his own days of "trying for the LIT." More than this, it is written in a most captivating style, calculated to charm the reader, whether editor or layman. The Table will look forward with pleasure to the future efforts of the same writer. Nelson Kingsland has a remarkably well told story in "An Ocean Fancy." The conclusion, however, seems to us not altogether felicitous. It certainly has the element of surprise, though of the kind which is tinged by disappointment. "Margaret's Mist," by Calvin Coolidge, is a well-conceived tale, and another bit of verse of more than ordinary merit, is by Percy H. Boynton, under the title :

NO MAN IS MY NAME.

It happened on the beach one day,
 A bank of fog, impenetrable, gray,
 Hung over sea and land;
 I lay hid in the tall sedge grass,
 Where I could see each person pass,
 Who walked by on the strand.

An old sea-captain, bent and sour;
 A coast guard who, hour after hour,
 Did patient face the shore;
 Some "city folks," quite bleached and fair—
 All these went by before me there,
 All these and many more.

But to them all I gave no thought
 Except to two, whose words were fraught
 With interest for me.
 A maiden and a youth were they,
 Half hidden by the fog's soft gray,
 And both were fair to see.

"No man will see," he plead with her;
 "Just one kiss!" How could she demur?
 And him I could not blame.
 Odysseus-like, what could I do
 But make his declaration true,
 And call "No Man" my name?

The University of Virginia Magazine for October, like many of this month's LITS., is a small number. Its goodly contents awake within the Table's heart the wish for that there were more of it. The Virginia is one of the best on our exchange list. Each month is sure to bring something original, and the artistic touch of its contributions is sure to allure the reader till the last page is finished.

A translation of "The Fore Word of An, The Priest," is done in a remarkably graceful fashion. F. K. Murray's "A Chapter of Japanese History" is an entertaining essay. Of the verse, we quote the following triolet:

COMPLAINT.

If verses can nothing avail
To win a fair maiden's affection,
What wonder my cheek should grow pale,
If verses can nothing avail,
And all my best efforts but fail?
Surely there's cause for dejection,
If verses can nothing avail
To win a fair maiden's affection.

In the *Yale Lit.* for October, George Henry Nettleton writes on Balzac a very entertaining essay, discriminating and truly critical, however one may feel disposed to regard his somewhat dogmatic conclusion that "Balzac is perhaps the greatest name in all French literature."

A vivid description and realistic picture of the month of color is noticeable in Philip C. Peck's verses:

OCTOBER.

Child of the grand old Autumn,
October floateth by,
A regal grace on her sun-kissed face,
And light in her beaming eye:
Over her polished shoulders
To the dull and fading grass,
The golden brown of her hair flows down
As her springing footsteps pass.

She will breathe on the dim old forest;
And stainings of crimson light,
Like the blushes that speak on her own bright cheek,
Will fall on the leaves to-night;
And the mellow light of the dawning,
When the first faint sunbeams play,
And the flushes that rest on the sunset's breast
She will leave on the trees to-day.

Then she'll touch the tree-tops softly,
And a carpet all fresh and sweet,
In colors as bright as the rainbow's light
Will fall at her fairy feet;
Sometimes she woos the summer
By the light of her magic smile,
Sometimes she calls at the past King's halls,
And bids him reign awhile.

Then when the hills are woven
With many a tinted strand,
When a veil of romance (like the bright cloud's dance)
Is wrapped over sea and land,
Like a dream that is wild with splendor,
Like the sun at the close of day,
Like the visions that rest in a maiden's breast,
October will float away!

One of the best reviews of Trilby we have yet seen is that of Burton J. Hendrick. We should be glad to see more in the story line in the *Yale Lit.*

When we turn to the *Williams Lit* we find just the opposite suggestion in place—less stories, more essays. Not that the stories are bad, but an entire lack of essays gives rise to a disproportion in the makeup of the magazine. "The Touch of Eumenedes" is the first and best thing of the October number. The same writer (E. Sweet) contributes four out of the seven of the items in the table of contents. While commending the industry of so prolific a writer, The Table begins to wonder what has become of some of the rest of Williams' writers. A more representative magazine would perhaps speak better for the literary spirit of the college. "Willis Again," by S. F. P., is entertaining, and "Chat" is suggestive.

The Smith College Monthly, though young in years, has this month at least demonstrated its right to a place among its older contemporaries. The October number speaks well for the ability of the present board, both in its contents contributed by the board themselves and also in the outside work which has been chosen. The Ivy Oration of '94, by Miss Katherine Ware, is one of the best things in the number. Its fresh, healthy tone, and sound common sense, made it extremely entertaining as well as profitable reading.

The stories are bright and well written. Perhaps there is a little too much New England life in them, but then, everyone to his own taste and specialty. "In Idle Moments" is especially well worked up, and reads with a snap and dash somewhat unusual in amateur work.

The Wellesley Magazine contains a graceful little sketch in "Carl and I," by Dorothy Allen, the closing words of which makes one wish that "Carl" may somehow have the good fortune to read it. Several other contributions from the undergraduates bear marks of merit.

The Vassar Miscellany for October publishes the prize story, "The Story of a Sister," by Julia A. Schwartz. The tale is an excellent effort. The plot is faultless, and is devolved to a most happy conclusion.

BOOK TALK.

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live."

—"Romeo and Juliet."

"A book! O rare one! Be not as is our fangled world."

—"Cymbeline."

"Art exists to console us for the hardships and anomalies of life."

—W. P. James.

SOME time ago there appeared a very interesting little book which bore upon its title page: *The Novel. What it is.*

Well, you ask, what is a novel? Mr. Crawford said that it was an "artistic luxury;" that it must not point a moral, and that it should not do a great many other things which most people think it should do. Now, we don't ask you to agree with Mr. Crawford or any of the other men who have lately been putting fences around the domain of prose fiction; but we wish to call attention to the fact that the novel, which our respected and highly respectable forefathers often went so far as to consider an agency of the devil, is to-day the topic of a great many learned papers which nobody ever reads, and is likewise the theme of a number of thoughtful essays which everyone ought to read. And we would also like to state, by way of digression, that the man (or woman, for that matter) who is in the habit of reading novels, and has never formed *some sort* of an opinion as to what the novel is and what it ought to be, and admits it, is making a severe comment upon his or her intelligence.

But this is off the question. The point we wish to make is that the novel must be viewed from the æsthetic standpoint; and in so far as it does not admit of being viewed from the æsthetic standpoint, to that extent it is not of the highest type; for the highest type of novel is distinctively a work of art. But, you ask, what is a work of art? In the first place, a work of art must eliminate all that is "disagreeable." This is the view held by Mr. Thompson in his *Philosophy of Fiction*. It must appeal to our sense of beauty. And it must be real—true to life. But it may be idealized, provided that it preserve the harmony of the parts, and that it do not destroy by exaggeration the distinctive character of the picture. In other words, the artistic novel is saturated with the personality of the artist himself.

The mere copying of nature does not necessarily result in a work of art; for there are objects in nature which produce in the human mind feelings which are directly the reverse of æsthetic. And so we are forced, by the nature of the case, to say as Mr. W. P. James, the English

critic, recently said: "Art, ideal as it necessarily is, cannot do without observation, but its kingdom cometh not of observation alone. It penetrates to the spirit and reveals the significance of the things observed."

Taking this, then, as our definition of what art is, and considering the novel as over and above all things a work of art, we find that the realist falls short of being an artist, and that the realistic novel is in no sense a work of art. For the realist paints things exactly as they are. He is called "sordid" and "vile" and "gross"; but that is because the life which he copies is sordid and vile and gross. But when he ceases to paint things exactly as they are, when he exaggerates the horrors and hideous realities which he discovers about him, he then ceases to be a realist, and he is further than ever from the realm of art.

Do not understand me to deny the right of the realist to a legitimate place in literature. The point I am trying to make is this: Admitting that the objects of interest in a story are and always will be the objects of interest in life, and aware of the fact that as long as there are people who will read the realistic novel, the realistic novel is bound to exist; that, in other words, it is at present a recognized department of fiction—putting aside all this, I say, as irrelevant to the question at issue, we may yet assume that inasmuch as the realistic novel cannot be judged according to any æsthetic standard, it is not the highest type of novel, because it is in no sense a work of art. In the words of Mr. James, we have come to the conclusion that "between life and a book there must always remain a great gulf fixed. To merely copy in art the apparently meaningless, anomalous or unintelligible things of life, on the plea that such things do actually exist, is to mistake the whole aim and scope of art."

We have said that realism is not artistic; let us now see what it is, and to illustrate what we have to say, let us take M. Zola.

In his remarkable essay on *Le Roman Expérimental*, M. Zola expounds at some length his views on the realistic novel. The realist, he says, must explain *how* things occur, not *why* they occur. M. Zola finds that most novels are constructed upon a radically wrong principle; they lack a certain *something* which is necessary to make the novel a photograph, to make it an exact reproduction of life as it really exists. Facts alone, he says, must be our authority. We must proceed upon strictly scientific grounds, according to the rules of scientific criticism. Our feelings must be thrust in the background; we must eliminate personal prejudice, for the novel must be over and above all things, *impersonal*; we must play the rôle of an impartial observer of natural forces—an "experimenter" upon human nature, as it were—aiming only to portray the truth. And so he sets resolutely to work; he carefully constructs his novels according to and limited by the rules he has laid down in *Le Roman Expérimental*; he lets nothing escape; he recoils from no fact, no detail, however revolting; he paints with a bold, unflinching hand all the horrible

minutiae of the things he sees about him; and the cry goes up: "This not art; it is life."

The fuller discussion of *Le Roman Experimental*, we must postpone until next month. Applying the principles we have laid down concerning realism to *Lourdes*,* M. Zola's latest contribution to realistic fiction, we are forced to exclude it altogether from the realm of art. But because a novel is not a work of art, it is not necessarily without value, for the same reason that it is possible for us to admire a photograph when we do not happen to possess an oil painting; yet at the same time it will be remembered that we do not look at the photograph *for itself*, but for the object which it represents.

But about this *Lourdes*. That it is a book of tremendous power and dramatic force is to put it mildly. Its influence has been so potent, so far-reaching, that it is to be doubted whether any book published within late years has been so violently attacked by its enemies as this. Its fame has spread over all Europe. It has forced its way to Rome; it has penetrated into the sacred precincts of the Vatican; and the agents of the Pope have had the weakness to suppose that *Lourdes* will cease to exert its influence when they have branded it with the stigma of their disapproval and condemned it to the lists of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. For it strikes an unflinching blow at the heart of a brutal fanaticism which yearly leads two hundred thousand pilgrims, many of them in the last stages of the most frightful diseases known to man, to crowd about the shrine of the Virgin at Lourdes, in the superstitious belief that they will be cured. Even the rows of hospitals and the hill-sides covered with tombs have failed to turn the tide of immigration.

But the details—the fearful, disgusting, sickening details—which crowd fast upon one another, go far toward blinding our eyes to the remarkable strength and vigor of the style which even a miserable English translation cannot conceal. The conclusion which M. Zola reaches, after nearly 500 pages, is that "it would never do to drive the wretched to despair. Lourdes must be tolerated in the same way that you tolerate the falsehood which makes life possible."

Assuredly a gloomy bit of philosophy!

But you ask, "Does M. Zola really believe in the miracles which he reports to have taken place at Lourdes?" We answer, No! He is a pure rationalist, and he must account for certain extraordinary curative powers in the water at Lourdes upon purely rational grounds. He is unwilling even to put his faith in the statements of the bureau of information which the authorities at Lourdes have called the "Miracle Verification Office." (Miracle Verification Office! What a nineteenth century twang that has.) He has looked at this great spectacle from a purely scientific standpoint; being a man of no religion himself, he has refused to look at it from the standpoint of the pilgrims themselves.

* "Lourdes." By Emile Zola. (Chicago and New York: F. T. Neely, Publisher.)

If you have the courage to read this book, you will understand what Saint Beuve meant when thirty years ago he exclaimed: "Anatomists and physiologists, I meet you on all sides!" For *Lourdes* is so exact a copy of a certain revolting phase of life, it is so utterly lacking in idealization, so little colored by romance, that it is but a photograph of a hideous reality; and again the cry goes up from every lover of pure fiction: "This is not art; it is life."

We have been led far afield in our discussion of *Lourdes*; we must respect the other books which are crying for utterance from the Critic's shelf. Let us leave the realist to work out his own salvation, and for a breath of fresh air turn to a collection of old English ballads,* for there is nothing in our literature which is further from realism than this form of poetry.

There is an impersonality about the ballad—something which we instinctively feel but cannot define. They are sincere, strong, rough—these "canticles of love and woe"—and they speak the speech of the mass; they echo the "great cry of delight or grief from the crowd." Unlike later forms of poetry, the ballad is not the poetry of the individual; it is the poetry of the people; and Mr. Gummere defines the poetry of the people as that "which once came from the people as a whole, from the compact body as yet undivided by lettered or unlettered taste, and represents the sentiment neither of individual nor of a class."

Every one of us knows by heart the story of brave Robin Hood and his merry men, but there is a certain flavor about the tale as told in these old ballads, coming, as they do, from the heart of the people—a simplicity and grace which the modern poet utterly fails to express. And I think that in some corner of our hearts we have a fondness for good Robin Hood, even though a cold nineteenth century critic has accused him of being "a bit of a socialist," who "carried on his depredations on sentimental principles."

"Lythe and listen, gentlemen,
That be of frebore blode;
I shall you tel of a gode yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.

* * * *

"Robyn stode in Bernesdale,
And lenyd hym to a tre;
And bi him stode Litell Johnn,
A gode yeman was he."

Give us a bit of de Koven's music, and the thing is complete!

But even without the music we may thoroughly enjoy the ballads; for they are survivals from a vanished world of poetry—faint echoes of the days of old.

*"Old English Ballads." Selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

Nowadays things are different. As Mr. Williams writes:*

"When dryads lived and sought to bring
Ladona to the sparkling spring
Where shaggy Pan was wont to sit
And pipe his ditties, poets writ
With pens plucked from the swelling wing
Of Pegasus, nor felt the sting
Hid in the average critic's fling:

Poeta nascitur non fit,
When dryads lived.

"But nowadays the proper thing
Is *first* to get within the ring,
And, having made a single hit,
An ounce of sense—a grain of wit—
Will do the rest; no need to sing
'When dryads lived.'"

Now, while Mr. Williams seldom sings of the days "when dryads lived," there is a good deal more than "an ounce of sense" and "a grain of wit" in his poems. There is a subtle charm about the *Flute Player* which comes of the simplicity and even flow of the verse; in fact it closely resembles some of the old English ballads in the pretty quaintness of its expression.

Variety in metre (though always adapted to the idea expressed), and a decided preference for the sonnet, are the things which particularly impress you on reading these poems. Occasionally the alliterative element enters, but only so far as to give to the verse a fascinating charm—so different from the heavy mechanism of the Anglo Saxon poetry—

"And their chastened ears grew conscious of the callings of the sea,
Lighter than the lambent rumor of the wind across the sea,—
Softer than the sunlight sleeping on the slopes of Arcady."

The poems grouped under the title "A Primrose Path: Songs and Trifles," are the brightest and in many respects the best. They have a touch of humor, often a dash of gentle sarcasm, and a cheeriness and freshness which is wanting in most of the other poems.

This is rough on Vassar:

"You're fair, yet from you Cupid flies
With cramps as though he'd dined on pies;
For *suaviter in modo*, he
Finds you too *fortiter in re*,
And so to lesser culture hies,
Oh, Vassar girl."

But the Critic hears the still, small voice of the scientific student cry out with Jack Cade in *King Henry the Sixth* (it is Jack Cade, isn't it?):

"Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin."

* "The Flute Player and Other Poems." By Francis Howard Williams. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Yes, my scientific friend; you are right. It is Latin. But you may borrow a "trot."

The Critic has before him the latest book of poems by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.* It is curious how Mr. Riley has universally disarmed criticism and won his way to the hearts of men—and men of all shades of opinion, too. Laugh at him, if you will (which is not laughing *with* him, you understand)—even go so far as to hold him in contempt; but you will only have the satisfaction of knowing that you are in the hopeless minority. The spontaneous, instinctive character of his verse, and the honest good-feeling which so often bursts forth into the kindest humor, have made his poetry, while not of the highest type, yet of a type which appeals to man's better nature and strikes a sympathetic chord in every human heart.

Mr. Riley's descriptions, however amusing, are always real. Here is something bright:

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

"The Circus!—The Circus!—The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns, as the Band-wagon comes;
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

* * * * *

"Here's the Pyramid car with its splendor and flash,
And the Goddess on high, in a hot-scarlet sash
And a pen-wiper skirt!—O the rarest of sights
Is this "Queen of the Air" in cerulean tights!"

There's a lot more of it; but we know the thing. We have them in Princeton sometimes—these circus parades. But the "cerulean tights"! They are a rare sight!

Enough of poetry. Let us turn for a moment to something which is about as far from poetry as the east is from the west, but which is at the same time quite as important and eminently more practical. In these days of Parkhursts and Tammany Tigers and David B. Hills (the last of which is now but the "echo of a melodious name") it is perhaps fitting to consider, in passing, a work on the theory of politics.†

"The two ideas that lie at the foundation of society," says Prof. Hoffman, "are the individuality of man and the organic unity of the race." "The true conception of the State," he adds, "gives due prominence to each of these great truths." We are quite ready to accept this view of the sphere of the State, but in the application of it, Prof. Hoffman seems to ignore the "individuality of man" as a potent factor in society. We take issue, therefore, with the author when he says: "No error is so great as to hold that there is any such thing as limited sovereignty"—a mere verbal

*"Armazindy." By James Whitcomb Riley. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co., Publishers).

† "The Sphere of the State." By Frank Sargent Hoffman, A. M. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

apothorism, devoid of profound historic truth. Indeed Prof. Hoffman tacitly recognizes that the people make their own terms of obedience when he says later: "Even the most absolute despot on earth is not ignorant that the people will find a way to dispose of him if he goes beyond certain limits." However, the careful reader will find much to appreciate in this book, in spite of the fact that some of the views expressed are decidedly socialistic.

The Critic took a long trip the other day without leaving the sanctum, or even cutting chapel (of which latter fact he is justly proud). He picked up from the table Mr. Bradford Torrey's latest book,* and in an instant was wandering with the author under sunny skies and amid the blossoming flowers of Florida, the land of perpetual summer. And more than merely seeing Florida, the Critic enjoyed visiting it with such a guide as Mr. Torrey, to whom Nature is not a sealed book, a blind force, or a great mystery, but a living reality—to whom birds and flowers are the signs of her presence and power, and are therefore to be studied and loved. The style of the book is well suited to such a topic. Sketch book it is, indeed. We turn from leaf to leaf and find, now a picture of the city, now of the woods—a bit of river, a sandy beach—all portrayed in the same delightfully natural and unaffected style. We forget that we are reading till the harsh, impatient clang of the recitation bell drives the fair pictures from our minds.

The short story has made wonderful progress during the last twenty-five years. It is now generally admitted that we can beat the English at this game, although there is no doubt but that they are far ahead of us when it comes to writing long novels. However, if you will compare a couple of short stories written in 1860 and 1869 by Mrs. Putnam-Jacobi† with the average short story of to-day, you will see what I mean. But it is only fair to Mrs. Jacobi to say that she is a much better writer to-day than she was then, as her work on *Woman Suffrage* (which we had the pleasure of reading last month) abundantly testifies.

The first of these stories, *Found and Lost*, relates how a man discovered the source of the Nile and, in the ecstasy of joy resulting therefrom, lost all track of his bearings, and was never again able to locate the spot. All this is very interesting and sad; but the authoress deliberately consumes seventy pages to explain the fact. We seriously question whether it is necessary to devote ten solid pages to the details of a psychological discussion on the relation of thought to action and describe it as taking place in the wilds of Africa. Imagine the state of affairs, will you—and remember that these men insist upon talking about such things *all the time!*

The second story is better—but then it was written nine years later. It is called *A Sermon at Notre Dame*. You are not deceived; it is a ser-

*"A Florida Sketch Book." By Bradford Torrey. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

†"Found and Lost." By Mary Putnam-Jacobi. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

mon; but that is not all. In a forcible, masculine style, sometimes sarcastic, always vivid, Mrs. Jacobi pictures the powerful effect of the sermon upon the people; how, in the midst of the crowd which pours out from the great cathedral, the news is circulated that cholera has broken out in the city, that the epidemic is spreading fast, that hundreds are dead, hundreds are dying and there is no hope but to fly. Already wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and religious fervor, they become frenzied with fear of the plague. They sway to and fro, rush madly through the streets—an ignorant, terrified, desperate mob crazed with the dread of death. And then, in striking contrast to this, is the picture of the unknown street-speaker, who calmly addresses the turbulent throng and arouses them to definite action, so that the plague is stayed. A strange weird picture of religion under the second empire.

Now for a bit of history.

Perhaps few men of ancient times are better known to most of us than Cicero. And yet, his personality is often obscured, owing to the prominence and importance of the events with which he is connected. We are more apt to think of Cicero as the force and power which influenced the Roman world than of Cicero the man. And so, a book is doubly welcome which brings us to regard him from this latter standpoint. This is more than accomplished in the latest volume† of the "Heroes of the Nations" series; and we feel, as we trace his career through its various stages of advancement and triumph, that Cicero the man, fighting his way to power and immortality, is the picture which his name will always bring before us. As Mark Antony said of Brutus, the elements were

"So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

The story of Venice never palls on the taste. The romance of her history is ever fresh. The democratic spirit which pervaded her institutions, and the superb courage which she displayed as the defender of the West against the East, have always made Venice a subject of interest. But up to this time there has never been a complete sketch of Venetian history; and that is why the volume* we have before us is of especial value. It contains a concise and connected story of the city which was so closely identified with the history of Western civilization for over a thousand years; though in the light of certain modern historical and artistic research we find that up to the Eleventh Century the influence of Byzantium and the East was powerfully felt in Venetian life. Aside from her occasionally labored style, we cannot help but admire the authoress for the long and patient study she must have put upon her work; and before we finish the book we are ready to agree with her

* "Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic." By J. L. Stachan-Davidson, M. A. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

† "The Story of the Nations: Venice." By Alethea Wiel. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

that "in the world's stories there are many pages of interest and renown, but there are few which can boast of a splendor or a romance so absorbing and so wonderful as that which encircles the Story of Venice."

So much for the histories of the month. Let us leave Italy with its vine-clad hills and sunny shores, its crumbling tombs and ruined temples. Let us leave the land of poetry and song, and glance for a moment at our own prosaic American life.

But why *prosaic*? Well, perhaps it is not so, after all. If we are to believe Bret Harte in his stirring scenes from mining life, his exciting tales of hill and plain, we must recognize that there was once a time, nor was it long ago, when America could match the old world with all its romantic traditions and fables. The events of which Bret Harte wrote, and upon which he first made his reputation, have passed into the domain of history—are, in fact, but dim memories of the days when the gold fever raged, and the great West was still a mysterious, unknown land.

And yet, even now, the labor troubles in the Western mining districts have about them a flavor of romance. The year 1892 was a time to try men's souls; and the powerful influence of the labor unions over the miners, and the almost utter helplessness of the non-union men, are the points about which Mrs. Foote* has woven her story. The useless character of the manager of the Cœur d'Alene mine, who is represented as a mere tool in the hands of the Union leaders, is a set-off to the bright, strong character of his daughter, who, as the tale begins, has but recently arrived at the Cœur d'Alene from the East.

The plot can hardly be said to show much originality; but its dramatic features, and the keen insight into the wild mining life, together with a pleasing style, combine to hold the reader's attention throughout.

The Critic has before him a novel which bears the unsuggestive title of *Claudia Hyde*,† but which really centres about the character of the hero, Gerald Mildway. Mildway is another of those carefully constructed "English-university-stroke-oar-heroes," which are in such demand to-day by women writers. He has traveled extensively and can tell you delightful stories; he is thoroughly conversant with Pindar and Anacreon and Horace and a lot of other poets (who, I understand, have been dead for some time); and he is a bit of a thinker himself. Almost anything sets him cogitating—a piece of antique furniture, a glimpse of a ship-board flirtation, a pretty girl, a philosophical fact. "He must fit my ideal of what a man should be," says the authoress. If he begins to sink morally, she rescues him before it is too late, apologizes to the reader, touches up his character with a few bright colors, turns him around and lets you have another look at him. "Aren't you

*"Cœur d'Alene." By Mary Hallock Foote. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

†"Claudia Hyde." By Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

satisfied now?" she asks. "Behold, I have made him a second Chesterfield! Behold, he is worthy of the 'grand old name of gentleman!' Behold, he is my ideal hero!"

Yes, Miss Baylor, we perceive that he is your ideal hero; but did you ever stop to consider what a rare thing it is for a real flesh-and-blood man to say anything like this:

"And what a voice she has got! Why, it is delicious! It is the voice of a wood-nymph. Undine's could not be more so. It has in it the running of brooks, the song of birds, the breeze among the boughs; it coos, it woos, it is as sweet as a siren's * * *?"

Wood-nymph! Undine! Siren! Begin the lines with capital letters, give them metre and rhyme, and you will have an excellent poem; but in the name of common sense, don't insult your ideal man by making him talk like that!

Then there is Claudia herself, who has the misfortune to own the voice. But for all that, she has a wonderfully sweet nature, and is not ashamed to peel potatoes and darn her small brother's stockings when necessary. She is a well-educated girl, too, who vastly prefers Chaucer and Spenser and Froissart and Ronsard to the modern poets. "I picked up a volume of modern poetry the other day," she says, "all ashes and bones, and sea-weed, and ghastly grimness, not to say ghouliness, death and despair. * * *" However, the point is that she didn't enjoy it. To this the hero solemnly replies, "Life is not all beer and skittles, Miss Hyde." They then sit down and discuss the question at length. Quotations from Hazlitt, Spenser, Plato, and the Latin writers fly recklessly about, until you feel awed in the presence of such learned people; so you step into the next room and let them continue their flirtation in peace.

"Pessimist! Cynic!" growls the Critic's friend. "What have you been eating—pie? Or have you a condition in Differential Calculus?"

Neither, my kind friend. I am that way by nature. But perhaps we may look at the book from another point of view.

Miss Baylor's humor is delicious. It is always bubbling up spontaneously, giving a subtle charm to everything she writes. We do not readily forget her sharp, clear pictures—that of the obtuse Englishman, for instance, who is always putting his foot in things; the rollicking, red-headed Irishman, or the hopelessly dense southern negro.

We do not deny that the plot is original, and well developed. But it is a curious coincidence that the hero should unexpectedly come into the possession of a tremendous fortune just in the nick of time. We may have to stretch our imagination a bit, but we are heartily glad it happened so. It leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. And then there is a sort of grim satisfaction about knowing that all the villains and disagreeable people are either dead or in jail when the story ends. We human beings are a vindictive lot, I fear!

According to an unwritten law, which we cannot explain, but which we can readily understand, novelists have always shown an aversion to having their heroes practice certain professions, and have always shown

a decided preference to certain others. What an immense crowd of soldiers and princes there are! Assuredly Mr. James* is right in drawing a distinction between "romantic" and "unromantic" professions. It is hard for us to feel romantic over the hero who is a butcher. He is not apt to be ethereal, and there is a large possibility of his apron being covered with blood. On the other hand, there is a vague sort of glamour about the impecunious English duke which dazzles the eyes of the American girl; although, if we are to believe the newspapers, her rich father's poor, but not always honest, coachman has sometimes found favor in her sight.

You remember it was the democratic Walt Whitman who thought that every occupation had about it more or less of a romantic flavor, and who, with a courage worthy of a better cause, manfully faced the question and wrote the following "poem," which he had the rare poetic instinct to entitle *A Carol of Occupations*:

"Leather-dressing, coach-making, boiler-making, rope-twisting,
Distilling, sign-painting, lime-burning, cotton-picking,
Electro-plating, electrotyping, stereotyping,
The implements for daguerreotyping, the tools of the rigger, grappier, sail-maker, block-maker,
Goods of gutta-percha, *papier-mache*, colours, brushes, brush-making, glaziers' implements.
The veneer and glue pot, the confectioners' ornaments, the decanter and glass, the shears and the flatiron.

* * * * *

"Beef on the butchers' stall, the slaughter-house of the butcher, the butcher in his killing clothes,
The pens of live pork, the killing-hammer, the hog-hook,
The scalders' tub, gutting, the cutter's cleaver, the packer's maul,
And the plenteous winter work of pork-packing."

And he calls that a *carol*! With all due respect to Walt Whitman, wouldn't he have shown better taste to have called it almost anything else? The "hog-hook"! The "scalders' tub"! Where, in heaven's name, is there the faintest glimmer of a poetic idea about that?

Mr. James is unable to take this cheerful view of things with Walt Whitman. Perhaps it is because he is not "democratic" enough; but the fact remains that Mr. James shows at least an atom of common sense.

In the essay *On the Naming of Novels*, Mr. James points out, in a delightfully humorous style, the difficulties which have beset even the greatest writers in their search for an appropriate title. He sums up his essay by saying:

"If after being pelted with all these instances the reader has strength to ask with Juliet, What's in a name? (I acknowledge that that quotation is an outrage)—my answer is, the difference between *Is he Popenjoy?* which I take to be one of the worst, and *The Scarlet Letter*, which I take to be one of the very best of all titles. Consider for a moment how perfect a title

* "Romantic Professions and Other Papers." By W. P. James. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.)

The Scarlet Letter is. It tells nothing, yet it tells everything. It fascinates before the book is opened, it fascinates even more powerfully after the book is closed. The whole tragedy is in the title. * * * The book might have lived and prospered under another name, say, *The Silence of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale*; but it is surely an added perfection that it should find in its title, as it does now, its final sign and seal."

One more fact in closing—a fact which has interested the Critic for the reason that it has shattered one of his most cherished idols. According to Mr. James, it seems that by a shameless statistical inquiry somebody has ascertained that Helen was fifty years old when Paris carried her off in triumph to Troy! Imagine

"The face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burst the topless towers of Ilium,"

belonging to a woman who had passed her fiftieth year!

Shade of Christopher Marlowe, have mercy upon the nineteenth century statistician!

SHORTER NOTICES.

HERNANI: A DRAMA BY VICTOR HUGO (Edited with notes and an essay on Victor Hugo). By GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER, PH. D.

Victor Hugo's *Hernani* marks the reaction of the French drama from the classical school of Moliere; and though at first it was poorly received by the public, in reality it went very far toward founding a new school in French literature. Prof. Harper's essay on Victor Hugo brings out clearly the faults and merits of the great French writer, and the distinction he draws between classicism and romanticism as applied to the drama aids materially to a better understanding of the play in question. The style is graceful and readable; while the essay itself, with its fund of valuable information, will give to Americans a higher appreciation of one of the finest examples of French dramatic literature.

A FRENCH SCIENTIFIC READER. BY ALEX. W. HERDLER. (Boston: Ginn & Co.)

The purpose of this book is to enable the student to acquire some general familiarity with French technical terms and style. The selections bear chiefly on electricity, mechanics, physics, chemistry, and their industrial applications; while the copious vocabulary contains definitions of different terms met with in the text. The notes furnish the necessary references which, in the nature of the case, are mostly of a scientific and biographical character.

THE PEARL OF INDIA. BY MATURIN M. BALLOU. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

This volume—the tenth in a series of works of travel by the same author—treats of Ceylon, "The Gem of the Orient," as it is called. There is probably no Eastern country which presents more varied attractions to the observant traveler, more thoroughly and picturesquely ex-

hibits equatorial life, or addresses itself more directly to the delicate appreciation of the artist, botanist, antiquarian, general scientist and sportsman, than does Ceylon. In an honest, straightforward style, the author tells us much of the customs, habits, traditions and superstitions of the people, and awakens in us a lively interest in that strange and distant land.

TALES OF A TRAVELER. BY WASHINGTON IRVING. (Edited by William Lyon Phelps, Ph. D.) (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The text in this volume is that of the complete edition published by G. P. Putnam in 1849, which was revised by Irving himself. Professor Phelps has supplemented the text with notes, explaining all the important allusions throughout the book; while his clearly and concisely written introduction gives the student a comprehensive idea of the place Irving occupies in American literature. Professor Phelps' appreciation of the great writer is apparent and his new edition of the *Tales of a Traveler* will do much to arouse in Americans a deeper interest in the "true beginner of American fiction."

IN LOVE WITH LOVE. BY JAMES H. WEST. (Boston: James H. West, Publisher.)

"AS NATURAL AS LIFE." BY CHARLES G. AMES. (Boston: James H. West, Publisher.)

THE TEACHER'S MENTOR. (Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen, Publisher.)

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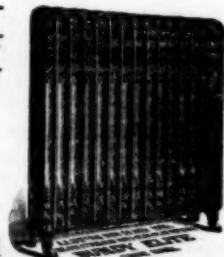
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